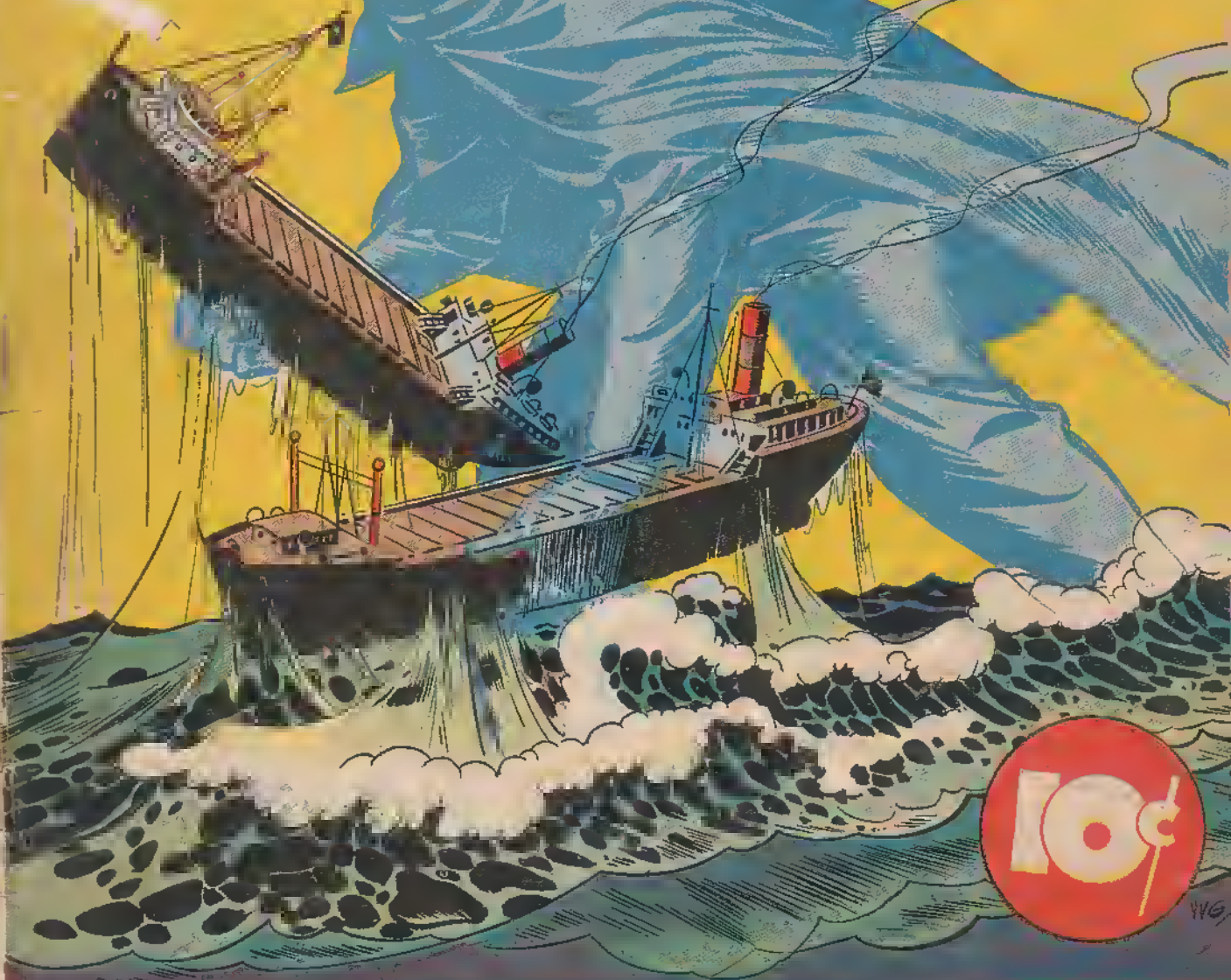


MARCH • 1942 VOL • 2 • NO • 3

# Shadow COMICS



INTRODUCING—  
THE WORLD'S MOST  
FAMOUS COMIC

LITTLE NEMO!

THE SHADOW and the GHOST FLEET  
NICK CARTER in MONKEY MURDER  
NEW! SUPERSHPE - A RIOT!



## The Editors Page



● This month we introduce two new characters. First, *Little Nemo*, who is the world's most famous comic character. Your father and mother will remember reading about Little Nemo. Books have been published on his adventures. The movies have featured him. Now Little Nemo is back again. Read it carefully and let us know what you think of it.

Then comes *Supersnipe*. This is the boy who has read too many comic books. That is a funny thing for us to write about—but there's a lot of fun in the little fellow who has come to believe he can do all the wonderful things the comic characters depict. Next month he has a perfectly marvelous adventure!

We are always happy to hear from our readers, and we're anxious to know just what you think of the Shadow Comics. The Shadow Comics has grown issue by issue, until today it is one of the very largest comic magazines in America.

## THE EDITOR



March, 1942

Vol. II, No. 4

NEXT ISSUE MAY, 1942, ON SALE FEB. 27, 1942

### THE SHADOW COMICS

Published Bimonthly

10c the Copy

\$1.00 per 12-issue Subscription

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Printed in  16 in the U. S. A.

STREET & SMITH PUBLICATIONS, INC.

79 SEVENTH AVENUE, NEW YORK CITY



# THE SHADOW

PROTECTS HIS COUNTRY  
AGAINST THE EVIL  
PLOTS OF THE BUND  
ON THE

# GHOST

# FLEET!



VERNON  
GREENE



IN PRIVATE  
LIFE THE  
SHADOW IS  
LAMONT  
CRANSTON,  
POPULAR  
CLUB MAN,  
A FACT  
SUSPECTED  
ONLY BY HIS  
SECRETARY,  
MARGO LANE

THINGS HAVE  
BEEN VERY  
QUIET  
LATELY,  
LAMONT.

TOO QUIET, MARGO.  
I BELIEVE THAT THE  
RINGLEADERS OF THE  
BUND, KURT SCHORN AND  
FREDA LUHN ESCAPED  
ALIVE. LOOK AT  
THIS LETTER!



THIS WRITER OFFERS FACTS ABOUT THE BUND, BUT ONLY SIGNS HIMSELF G.X.

STAY HERE IN CASE HE CALLS, MARGO. I'M GOING TO SEE COMMISSIONER WESTON.

NO, MR. CRANSTON ISN'T HERE -- YOUR NAME IS OTTO GLENRICH? -- YOU HAVE IMPORTANT DATA FOR HIM? YES, I'LL STOP BY!

GLENRICH MUST BE GX, THE MAN WHO KNOWS ABOUT THE BUND! I'D BETTER CHECK ON HIM -- YES, HERE'S HIS NAME IN THE PHONE BOOK!

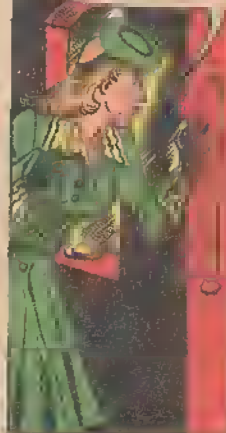


NOW TO LEAVE A NOTE FOR LAMONT, TO TELL HIM WHERE I'VE GONE.



HURRYING, MARGO FAILS TO SEE

THERE GOES THE LANE GIRL. NOW TO GET UP TO THAT OFFICE!



THIS IS FREDA -- YES, KURT SHE'S OFF TO GLENRICH'S. I'M TAKING THE NOTE SHE LEFT FOR CRANSTON.



CRANSTON RETURNS  
ODD THAT MARGO  
DIDN'T LEAVE A NOTE  
AH! THIS TELEPHONE  
CORD MAY HELP.



NICE OF MARGO TO  
CLOSE THE PHONE  
BOOK ON THE CORD  
AFTER LOOKING UP  
A NUMBER. I'VE  
FOUND THE PAGE --



AND HERE'S THE  
NAME SHE LOOKED  
AT! HER FINGER  
NAIL MADE A  
DENT BESIDE IT!



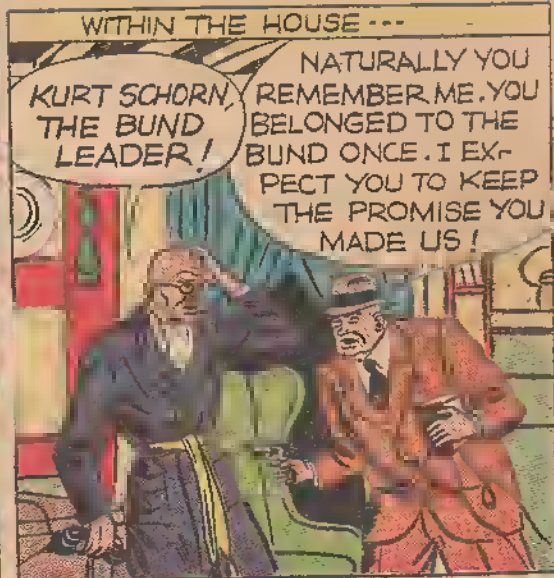
HELLO. MR. CRANSTON  
CALLING. I'D LIKE  
TO TALK TO MR.  
GLENRICH. HELLO --  
CUT OFF!





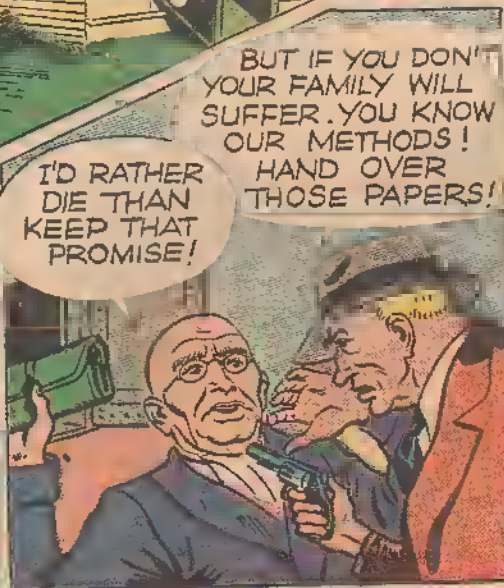


LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW, REACHING GLENRICH'S MANSION, HE APPROACHES AS A MASKED FIGURE, INVISIBLE WITHIN THE SHROUD OF NIGHT !!!



KURT SCHORN, THE BUND LEADER!

NATURALLY YOU REMEMBER ME. YOU BELONGED TO THE BUND ONCE. I EXPECT YOU TO KEEP THE PROMISE YOU MADE US!



I'D RATHER DIE THAN KEEP THAT PROMISE!

BUT IF YOU DON'T YOUR FAMILY WILL SUFFER. YOU KNOW OUR METHODS! HAND OVER THOSE PAPERS!



AND NOW, GLENRICH—THE DEATH YOU WANT---

NO, NO, SCHORN!



ODD THAT GLENRICH DOESN'T ANSWER!-- WHAT'S THAT!--IT SOUNDED LIKE A SHOT!



FREDA LUHN-- OF THE BUND!

IT WAS A SHOT YOU HEARD, AND YOU'LL HEAR ANOTHER, MISS LANE, UNLESS YOU DO AS I SAY. STEP INSIDE!



KEEP GOING PAST THOSE CURTAINS. KURT SCHORN IS HOLDING OPEN HOUSE. HE'LL BE GLAD TO SEE YOU-

A SHOT INSIDE!  
THIS SHIP'S DECK  
VERANDA LOOKS LIKE  
A GOOD WAY INTO  
THE PLACE!



SO YOU DID AWAY  
WITH GLENRICH,  
AFTER HE GAVE  
YOU THE  
DOCUMENTS.



YES, SO HE CAN'T  
TALK TO CRANSTON  
- NEITHER WILL THIS  
GIRL. WE'RE TAKING  
HER ALONG.

I'VE LOCKED THE  
DOORS, KURT!

LOCKED  
DOORS CANNOT  
BAR THE  
SHADOW!

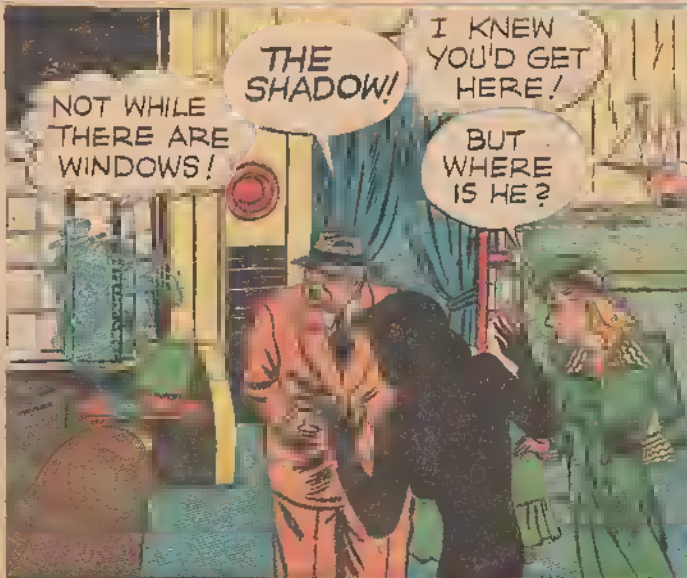


NOT WHILE  
THERE ARE  
WINDOWS!

THE  
SHADOW!

I KNEW  
YOU'D GET  
HERE!

BUT  
WHERE  
IS HE?



GET BEHIND ME, FREDA!  
GOOD! NOW, SHADOW--  
SHOOT! WITH MARGO  
AS YOUR TARGET!



STAY CLOSE BEHIND  
ME, FREDA. NOW,  
SHADOW, YOU CAN'T  
GET EITHER OF US!

STEADY,  
MARGO!

I'M  
STEADY.  
THEY'RE THE  
ONES TO  
WORRY.

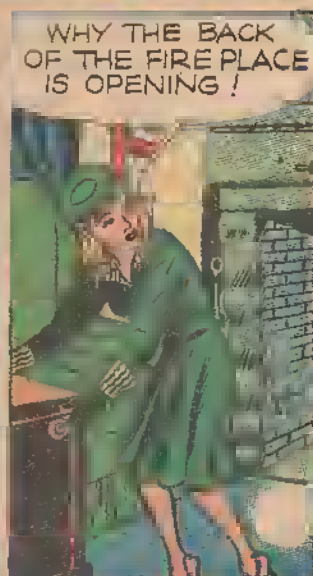


YOU THINK SO,  
MISS LANE?  
FREDA--PRESS  
THAT SWITCH  
ON GLENRICH'S  
DESK.

ALL  
RIGHT,  
KURT!



WHY THE BACK  
OF THE FIRE PLACE  
IS OPENING!





TOO LATE, SHADOW!  
WE'RE GOING OUT  
THROUGH GLENRICH'S  
SECRET EXIT, TAKING  
MARGO WITH US - YOU  
CAN'T RISK A SHOT!

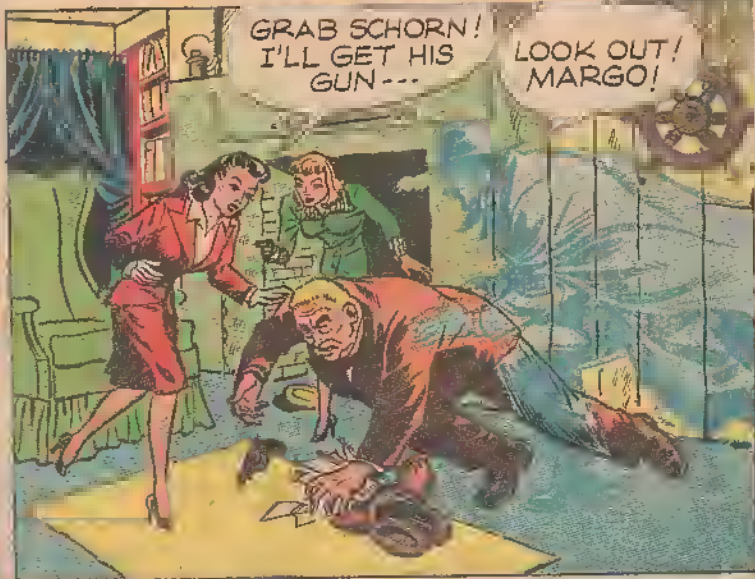


TRYING TO  
SCARE ME,  
SHADOW?



GRAB SCHORN!  
I'LL GET HIS  
GUN---

LOOK OUT!  
MARGO!



HURRY, KURT!  
THROUGH  
HERE!

QUICK!  
FREDA IS GETTING  
SCHORN AWAY!



WITH A QUICK SNATCH OF THE RUG, THE SHADOW  
SAVES MARGO, BUT THE BUND LEADERS ESCAPE.



AS THE SHADOW SPRINGS TO  
AIM, THE PANEL CLOSES! ....

SOLID STEEL!  
GLENRICH PRO-  
VIDED TOO  
WELL!

PING

THIS SWITCH  
WON'T WORK  
THE PANEL!

THEY'VE BOLTED IT FROM  
THE OTHER SIDE. COME  
ON. WE MAY HAVE TIME  
TO HEAD THEM OFF.

THE SECRET  
EXIT MUST HAVE  
LED THE OTHER  
WAY. NO CHANCE  
TO STOP THEM  
NOW!

THERE  
THEY  
GO!

ANOTHER MILE,  
FREDA, AND WE'LL  
SWITCH FROM THIS  
CAR TO ANOTHER!

BUT WON'T THE  
SHADOW TRACE  
US THROUGH  
THOSE PAPERS  
YOU TOOK FROM  
GLENRICH?

THESE? NEVER!  
NO ONE KNEW THAT  
GLENRICH HAD THEM  
THEY'LL BE INVALU-  
BLE TO OUR CAUSE!

ARRIVING ON THE VERANDA, THE SHADOW  
AND MARGO ARE TOO LATE TO HALT SCHORN  
AND FREDA WHO FLEE IN A CAR FROM  
BEHIND THE HOUSE ---



THIS LOOKS LIKE  
THE BUGGY,  
BOSS, BUT THE  
BUGS HAVE  
FLEW!

WHAT NEXT,  
LAMONT?

I'LL GO BACK  
TO GLENRICH'S.  
THE COMMISSIONER  
WILL BE THERE  
BY THIS TIME!

IN SHREVIE'S CAB, THE  
SHADOW AND MARGO FIND  
THE CAR THAT THE BUND  
LEADERS ABANDONED.

YOU CAN STOP  
IN AT GLENRICH'S  
LATER, MARGO.

VERY  
WELL,  
LAMONT,

LATER AT GLENRICH'S  
YOU BELIEVE, WESTON,  
THAT KURT SCHORN  
IS STILL ALIVE?

YES. A SERVANT  
RECOGNIZED HIM.  
SCHORN MURDERED  
GLENRICH AND  
RIFLED THE SAFE

HELLO MARGO. COME  
IN- THE COMMISSIONER  
IS STILL TRYING TO  
CRACK THE GLENRICH  
MURDER!

LOOK AT THIS SHIP  
MODEL, CRANSTON!  
SOME ONE MUST  
HAVE SHOT IT OFF  
THE MANTEL!

ANY  
THEORIES,  
LAMONT?

LATER,  
MARGO

IT PROVES THERE WAS A  
STRUGGLE HERE. BUT WE  
STILL DON'T KNOW WHY  
SCHORN MURDERED  
GLENRICH, NOR WHAT  
HE STOLE FROM  
THE SAFE!

WE'RE  
ALONE,  
LAMONT.  
WHY DID  
SCHORN  
MURDER  
GLENRICH  
?

BECAUSE OF SHIPS, THE ONE  
THING ON GLENRICH'S MIND.  
THE THEME DOMINATES THIS  
HOUSE FROM THE KNOCKER  
ON THE FRONT DOOR, TO  
THIS NAUTICAL VERANDA--  
SHIPS!!!

WE'VE SPENT THREE DAYS STUDYING THE SHIPPING BUSINESS AND HAVEN'T LEARNED A THING, LAMONT!

I STILL BELIEVE THAT SCHORN MURDERED GLEN RICH FOR SOME REASON CONCERNING SHIPS!

BUT THE POLICE HAVE THOROUGHLY INVESTIGATED ALL OF GLEN RICH'S AFFAIRS. HE HAD NO SHIPPING INTERESTS!

WHICH INDICATES THEY WERE A SECRET, AND THEREFORE SUPPORTS MY THEORY, MARGO!



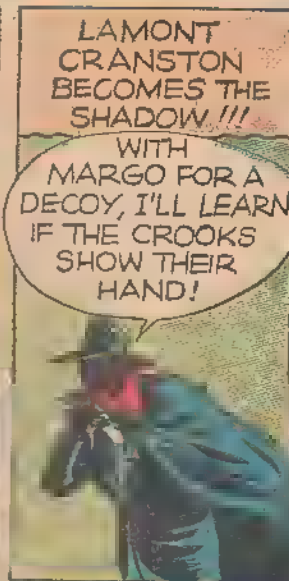
YOU THINK SO, MARGO? THEN LOOK AT THIS OLD PHONE BOOK. IT LISTS ONE SHIP LINE THAT ISN'T NEW!

YOU'RE HOPELESS, LAMONT!



THE TROPICAL STAR LINE! BUT THEIR PHONE HAS BEEN DISCONNECTED.

AS I THOUGHT. GO OVER TO THEIR OFFICE, MARGO, AND SEE WHAT YOU CAN LEARN!



LAMONT CRANSTON BECOMES THE SHADOW!!!

WITH MARGO FOR A DECOY, I'LL LEARN IF THE CROOKS SHOW THEIR HAND!



LOOKING FOR ANYBODY, LADY?

YES. FOR THE PEOPLE WHO RUN THIS OFFICE!

THEY MOVED OUT A MONTH AGO. GONE BACK TO SOUTH AMERICA. BOUGHT A LOT OF SHIPS WHILE THEY WERE HERE!

BUT WHO OWNS THE COMPANY?



NOBODY KNOWS. BUT I HEARD THEM SAY WHERE THE SHIPS WERE. AT A PLACE CALLED RYNSKILL!



THAT GIRL'S  
BEEN INSIDE  
LONG ENOUGH  
TO FIND OUT  
TOO MUCH.

HERE SHE  
COMES. CALL  
THAT CAB FROM  
THE CORNER.  
WE'LL TAKE HER  
WITH US.



THEY'VE SPOTTED  
MARGO. THEY'RE  
CALLING ME  
OVER, BOSS!

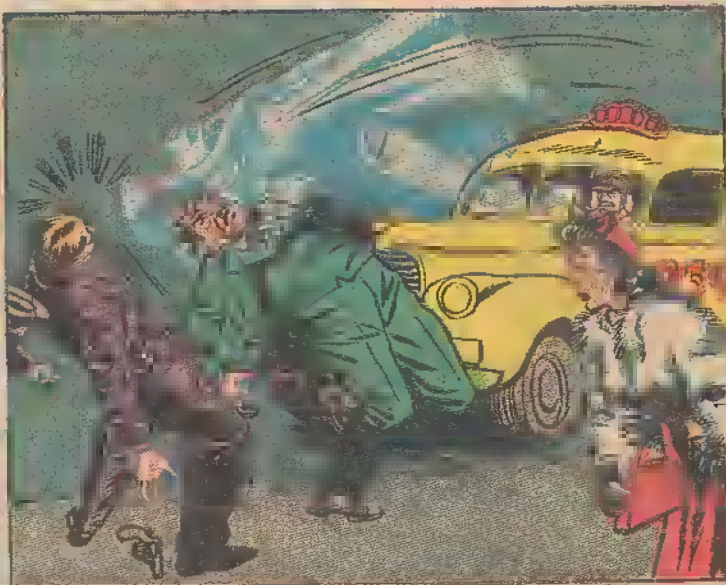
GO ON, THEN,  
SHREVIE. I'M  
RIDING WITH YOU--  
ON THE CAB TOP!



MARGO LANE IS TRAPPED BY TWO  
OF KURT SCHORN'S MEN, WHEN...

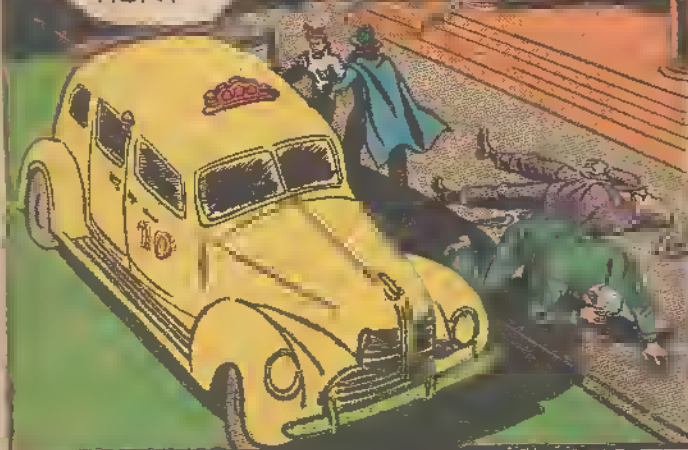
TAXI!

GET INTO THE  
CAB AND KEEP  
QUIET!



BUT YOU  
MUST BE  
HURT--

NOT AT ALL. THEY MADE  
EXCELLENT BUFFERS. GET  
IN THE CAB, QUICKLY!



BUT  
IF THOSE  
TWO GET  
AWAY!

THEY WON'T. SEE! THE POLICE  
HEARD THE SHOTS. NOW TELL  
ME WHAT YOU LEARNED  
ABOUT THE TROPICAL  
STAR LINE!



I LEARNED THAT  
THE TROPICAL STAR  
LINE HAS SHIPS  
AT A PLACE  
CALLED  
RYNKILL!

RYNKILL  
ON THE  
HUDSON! THOSE  
SHIPS ARE THE  
GHOST FLEET!

HERE'S THE  
PARKING  
LOT, BOSS.

THE  
GHOST  
FLEET  
?

YES, OLD SHIPS NOW READY FOR  
NEW SERVICE, MUCH NEEDED FOR  
SHIPPING SUPPLIES ABROAD.  
WE'RE GOING  
TO RYNKILL,  
MARGO!

I'LL CHECK  
ON THINGS  
HERE, BOSS.



THERE GO THOSE BUND  
GUYS, OFF TO THE HOOSE-  
GOW. NO CHANCE OF WORD  
GETTING TO KURT SCHORN!



RYNKILL 63?..  
LISTEN, KURT. THE  
POLICE HAVE AR-  
RESTED OUR TWO  
WATCHERS..



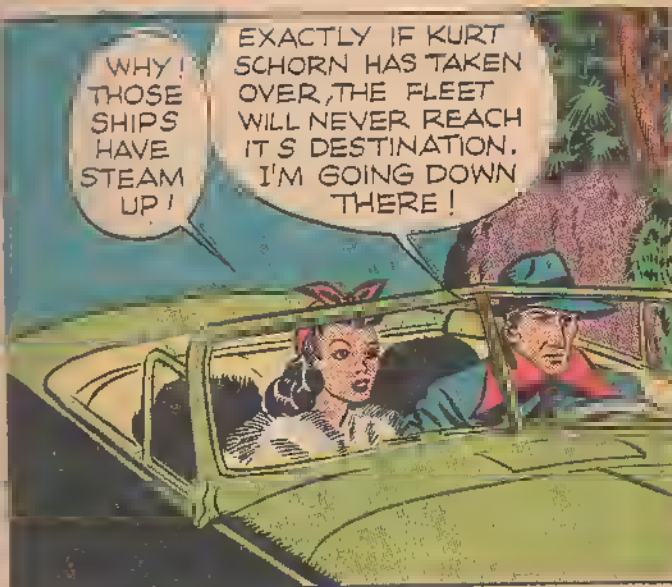
I HOPE HE BRINGS  
THE LANE GIRL  
ALONG. THIS  
TIME WE CAN  
TRAP THEM  
BOTH, KURT!

THE  
SHADOW'S  
WORK - HE'S  
COMING HERE  
TO RYNKILL,  
FREDA!

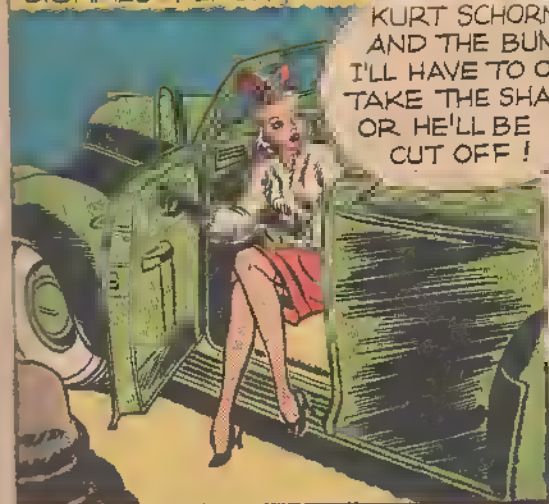


FROM HIGH ABOVE THE HUDSON,  
THE SHADOW AND MARGO LANE  
VIEW THE GHOST FLEET, READY  
TO SAIL FOR PORTS UNKNOWN..





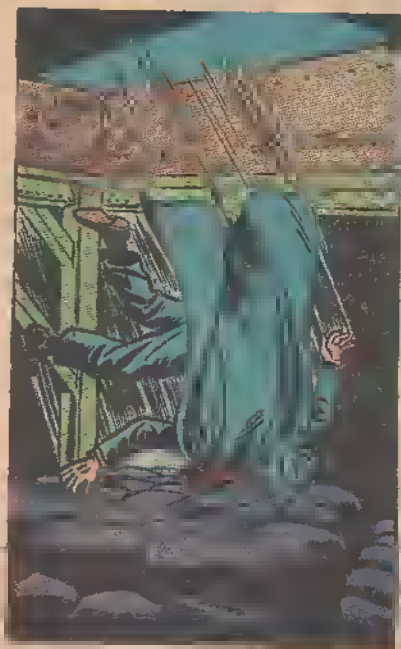
FROM HER CAR, MARGO LANE SEES SIGNALS FLASH!













KURT SCHORN AND HIS BUND HAVE TAKEN OVER THE "GHOST FLEET" STATIONED AT RYNKILL ON THE HUDSON--STEAMING DOWN RIVER, THE RECONDITIONED SHIPS PASS NEW YORK CITY AND CONTINUE TO THE OPEN SEA.

WE'VE CLEARED HARBOR, CHIEF!

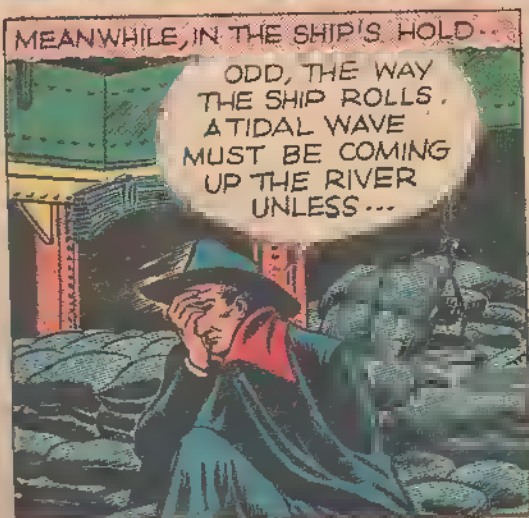
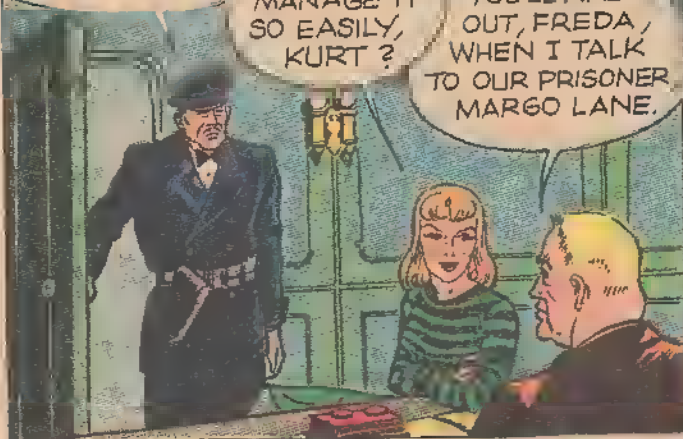
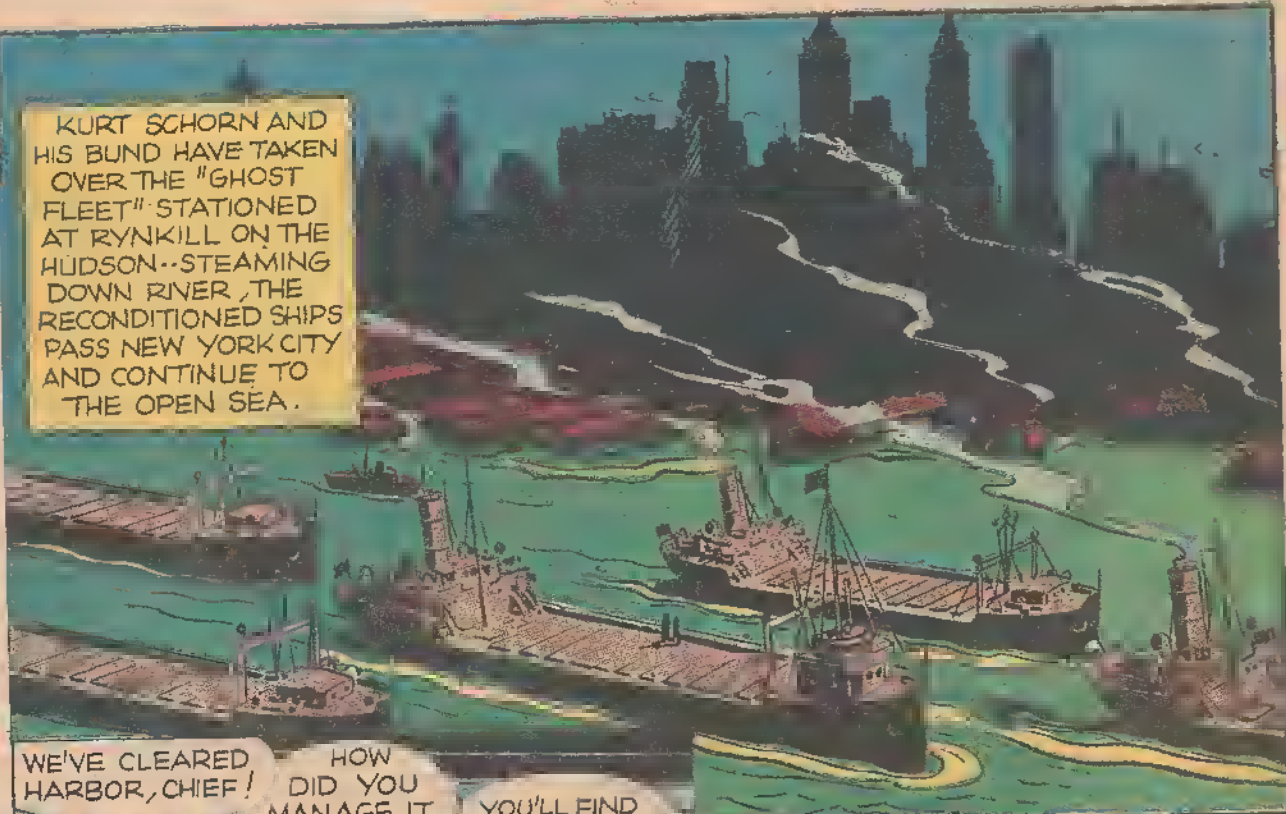
HOW DID YOU MANAGE IT SO EASILY, KURT?

YOU'LL FIND OUT, FREDA, WHEN I TALK TO OUR PRISONER MARGO LANE.

OUT TO SEA!  
LUCKY THEY DIDN'T FIND ME LYING COLD IN THE HOLD!

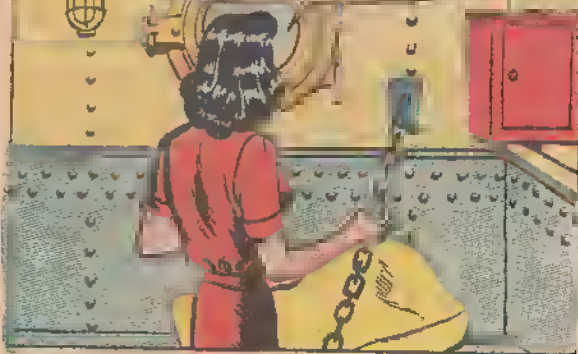
MEANWHILE, IN THE SHIP'S HOLD...

ODD, THE WAY THE SHIP ROLLS. A TIDAL WAVE MUST BE COMING UP THE RIVER UNLESS...



IN MARGO'S CABIN---

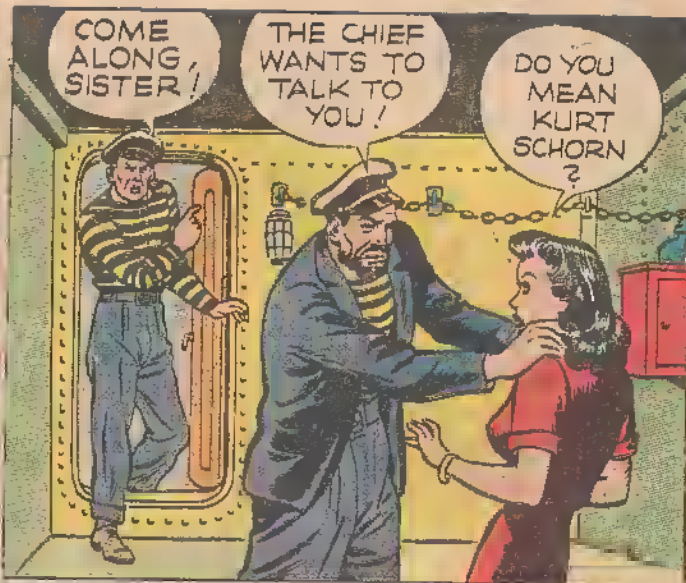
MILES OUT TO SEA!  
I CAN'T UNDERSTAND IT,  
KURT SCHORN GETTING  
AWAY WITH A WHOLE  
FLEET OF SHIPS.



COME  
ALONG,  
SISTER!

THE CHIEF  
WANTS TO  
TALK TO  
YOU!

DO YOU  
MEAN  
KURT  
SCHORN  
?



SCHORN AND FREDA  
MENTIONED OTHER  
PRISONERS. I WONDER  
WHERE THEY ARE?



THE SHADOW,  
-ALIVE!

WHAT'S  
THAT?

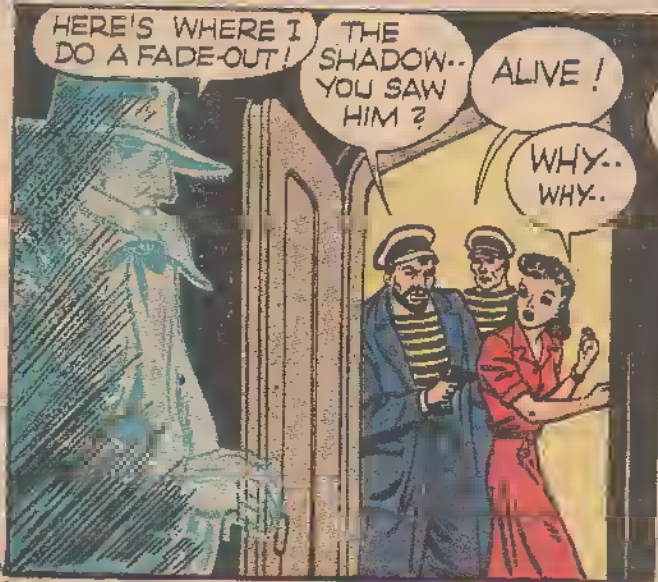


HERE'S WHERE I  
DO A FADE-OUT!

THE  
SHADOW--  
YOU SAW  
HIM?

ALIVE!

WHY..  
WHY..

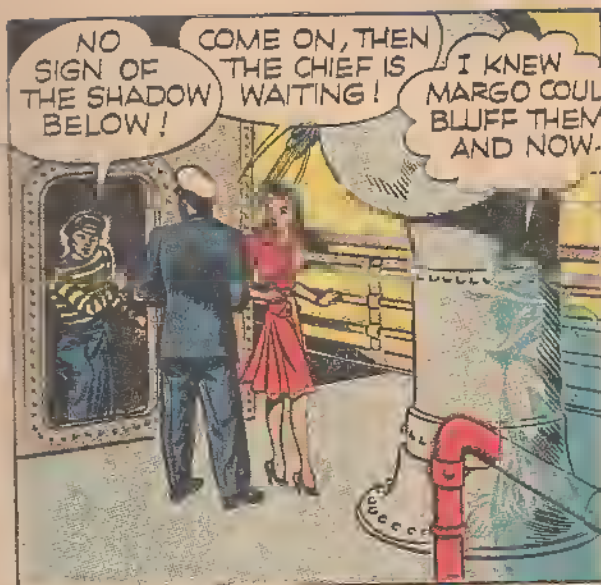


WHY, I  
ONLY SAID..  
IF THE SHADOW  
WERE ALIVE!

YEAH? WELL, WE'LL  
TAKE A LOOK FOR  
HIM ANYWAY!



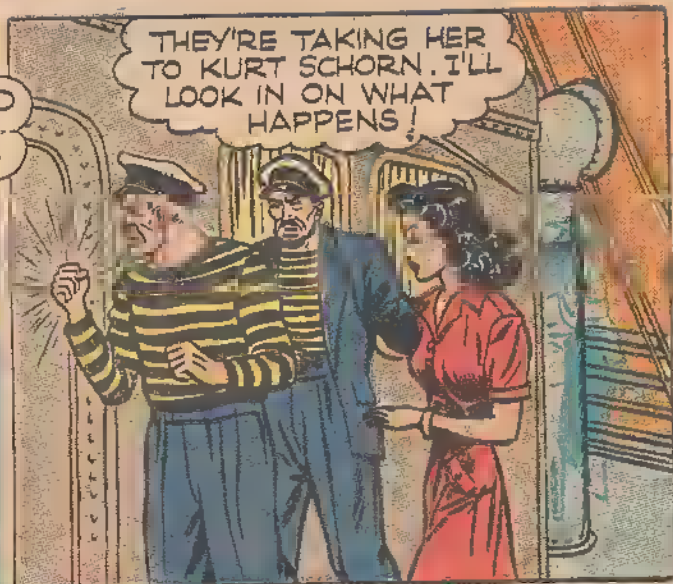




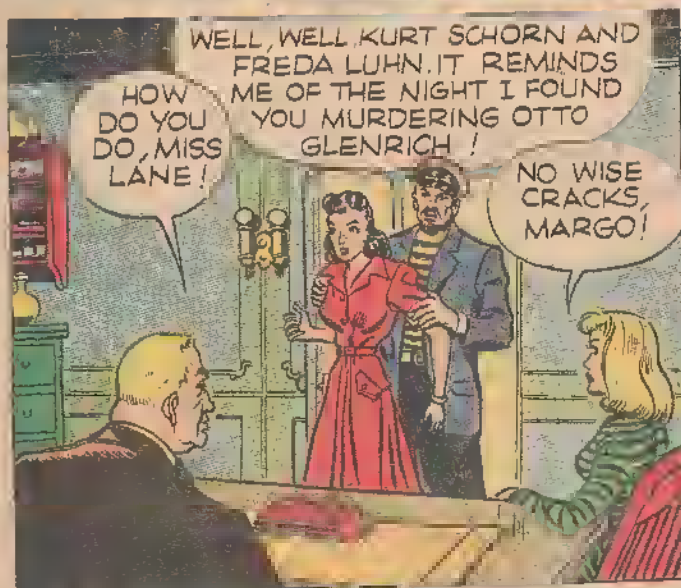
NO  
SIGN OF  
THE SHADOW  
BELOW!

COME ON, THEN  
THE CHIEF IS  
WAITING!

I KNEW  
MARGO COULD  
BLUFF THEM.  
AND NOW..



THEY'RE TAKING HER  
TO KURT SCHORN. I'LL  
LOOK IN ON WHAT  
HAPPENS!



HOW  
DO YOU  
DO, MISS  
LANE!

WELL, WELL, KURT SCHORN AND  
FREDA LUHN. IT REMINDS  
ME OF THE NIGHT I FOUND  
YOU MURDERING OTTO  
GLENRICH!

NO WISE  
CRACKS,  
MARGO!



SINCE YOU'RE  
INTERESTED IN THE  
GLENRICH CASE, I'LL  
TELL YOU ABOUT IT,  
MISS LANE. TOO BAD  
THE SHADOW ISN'T  
HERE TO LISTEN!

YES--  
TOO  
BAD!

GLENRICH OWNED THE  
TROPICAL STAR LINE.  
HE BOUGHT THE GHOST  
FLEET FOR IT, AND  
TRANSFERRED THE SHIPS  
TO SOUTH AMERICAN  
REGISTRY....

SO THE SHIPS WERE  
ALLOWED TO CLEAR PORT.  
BUT I HAVE TAKEN OVER  
THESE SHIPS. I SHALL  
SCUTTLE THEM.

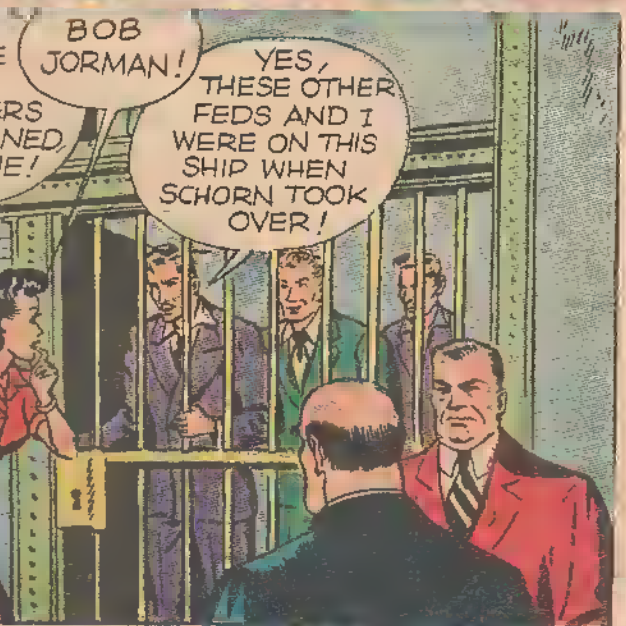
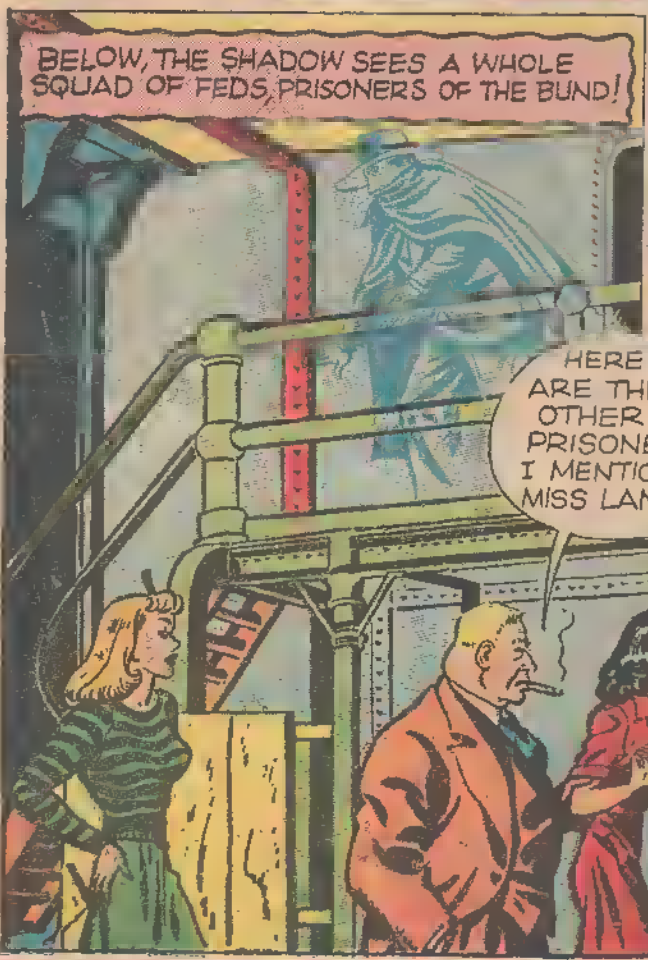
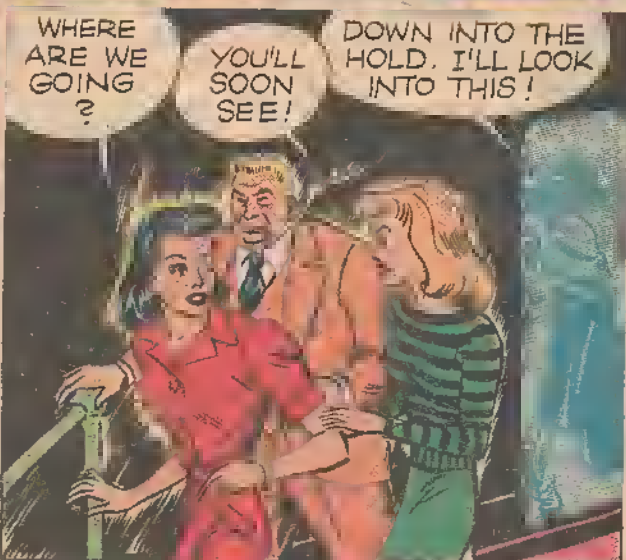
AND THE  
SHADOW  
CAN'T PREVENT  
IT---HE'S  
DEAD!



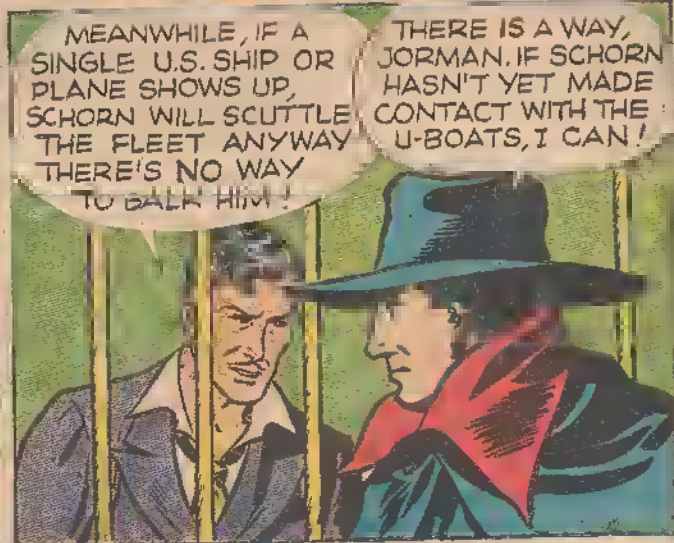
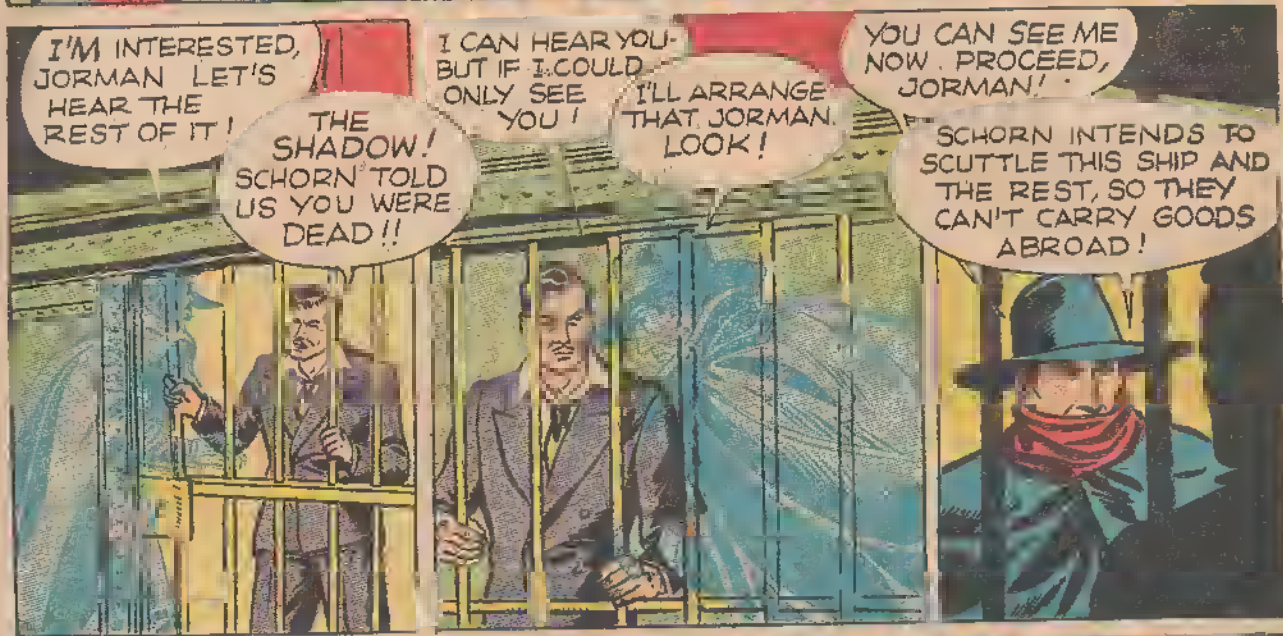
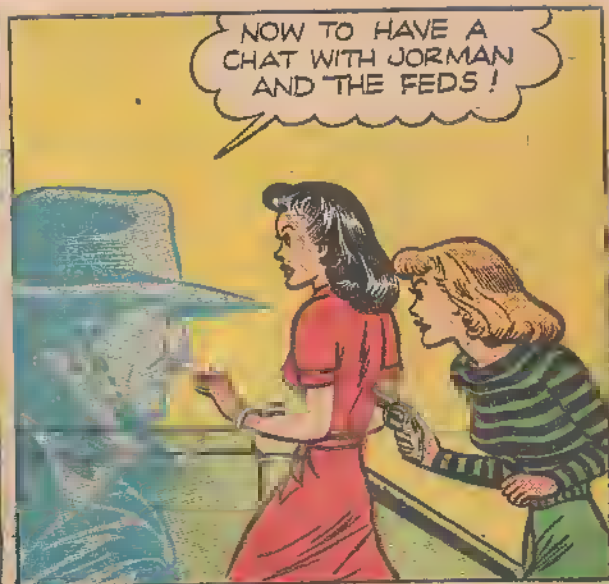
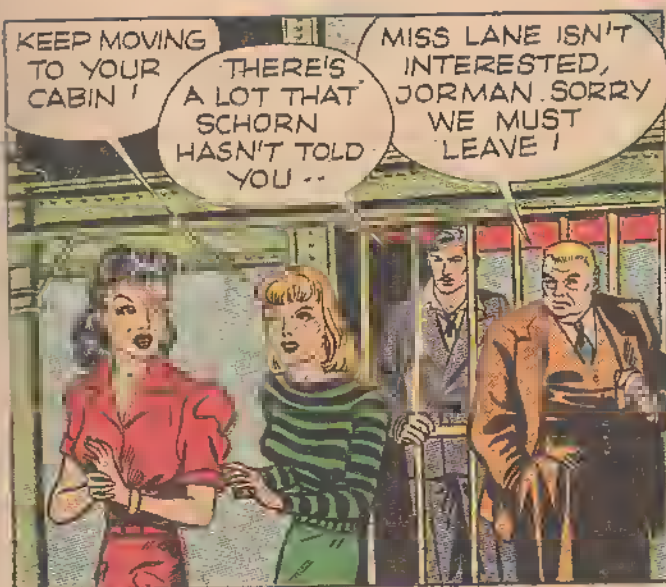
NOT SO DEAD  
AS SCHORN AND  
FREDA THINK!





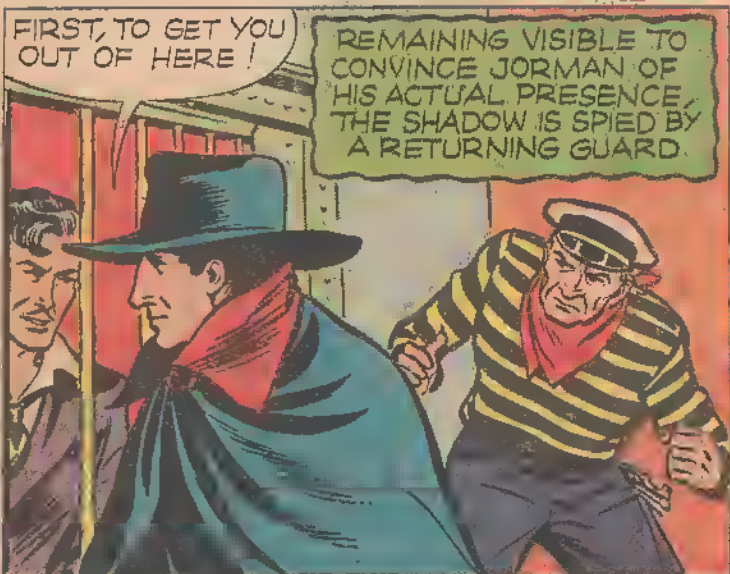






FIRST, TO GET YOU  
OUT OF HERE!

REMAINING VISIBLE TO  
CONVINCE JORMAN OF  
HIS ACTUAL PRESENCE,  
THE SHADOW IS SPIED BY  
A RETURNING GUARD.



LOOK OUT!  
THE GUARD--  
AND HE'S A  
KILLER!

I KILL  
YOU,  
SHADOW!



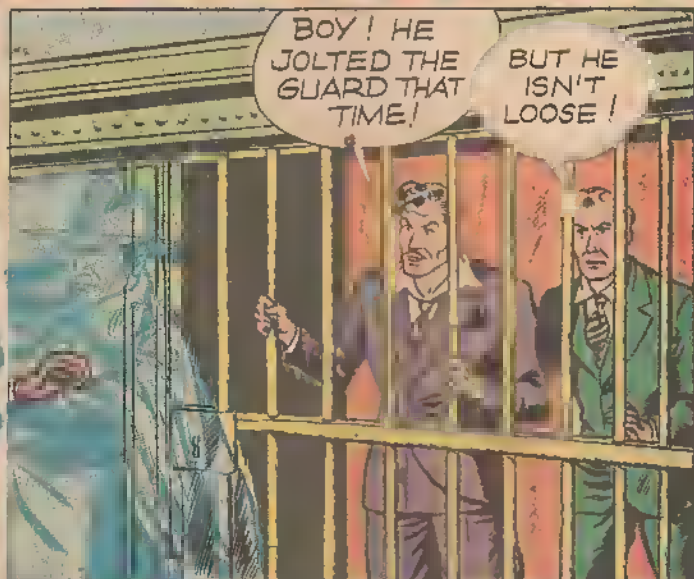
LOOK! THE  
SHADOW HAS DONE  
A FADE-OUT!

BUT THE  
GUARD STILL  
HAS HOLD OF  
HIM!



BOY! HE  
JOLTED THE  
GUARD THAT  
TIME!

BUT HE  
ISN'T  
LOOSE!



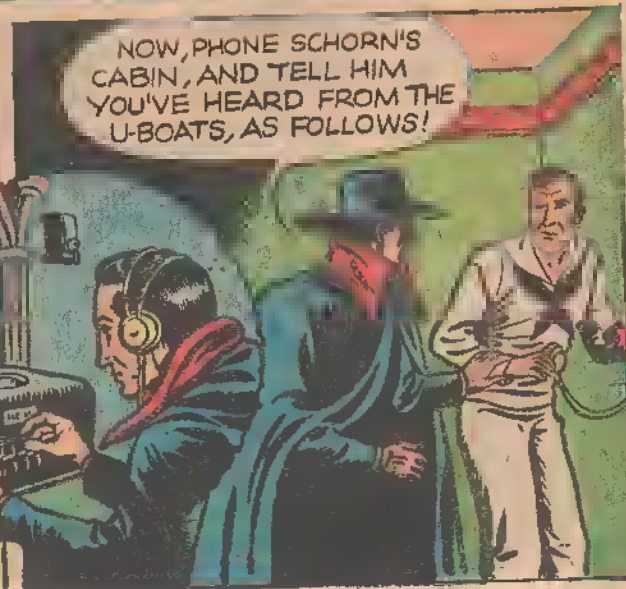
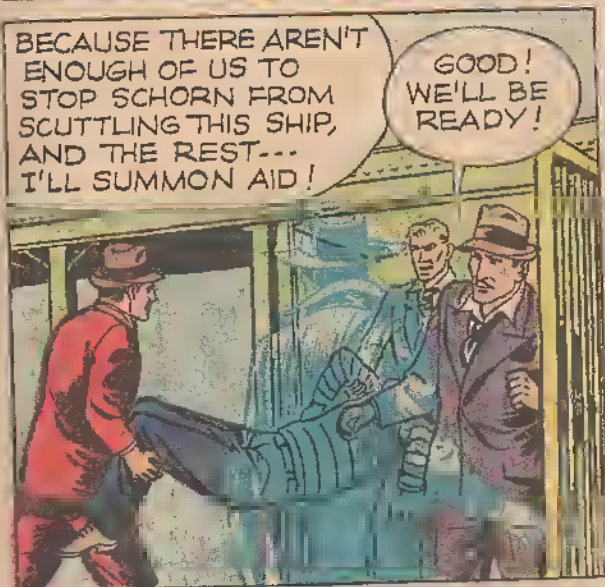
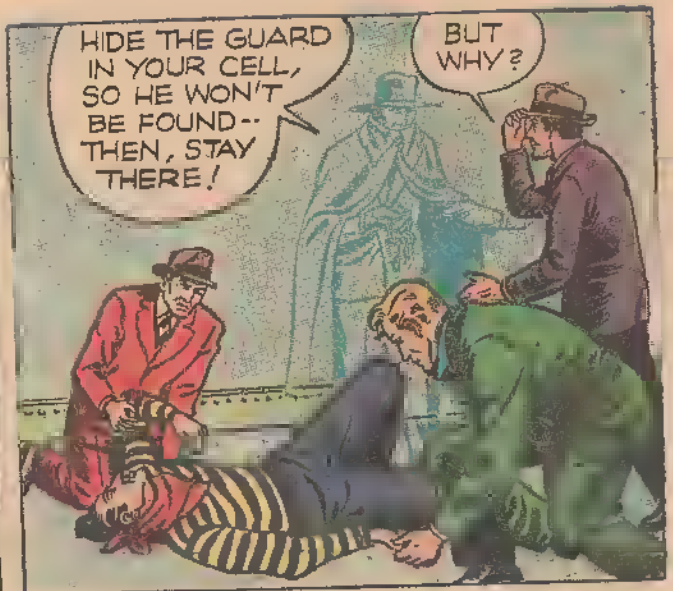
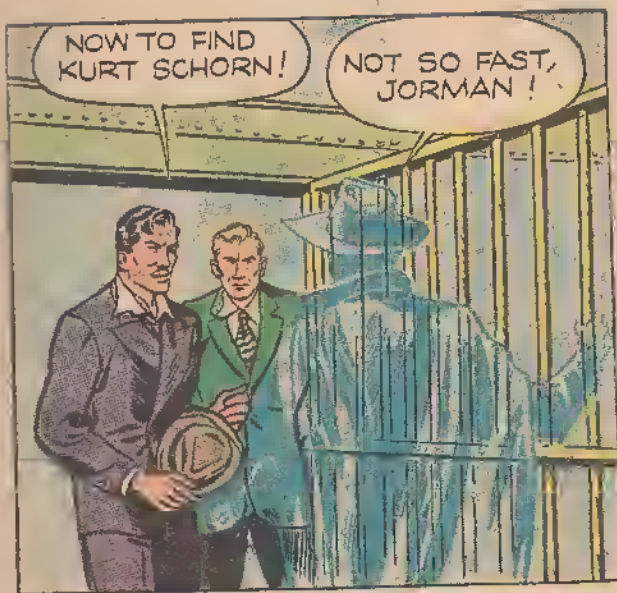
HE DOESN'T NEED  
TO BE FREE--IT'S  
MY TURN NOW!

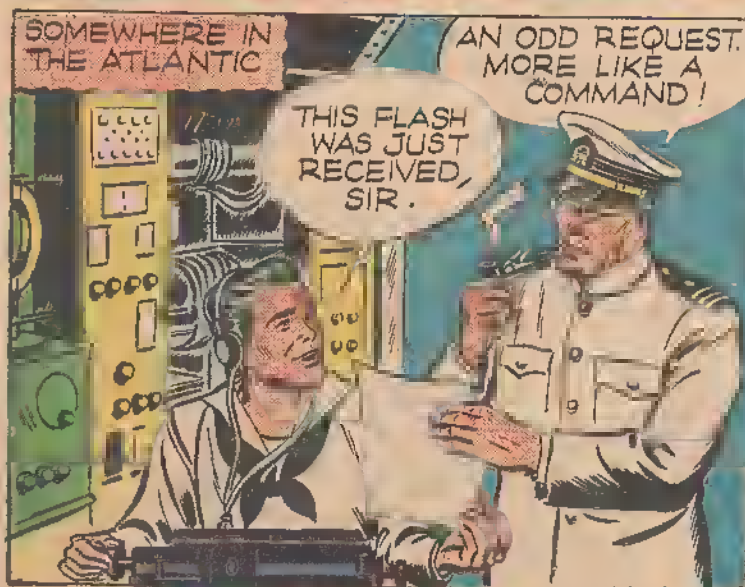
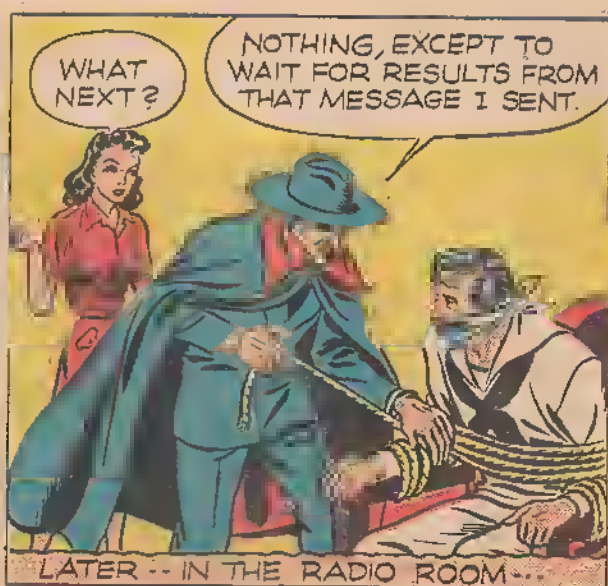
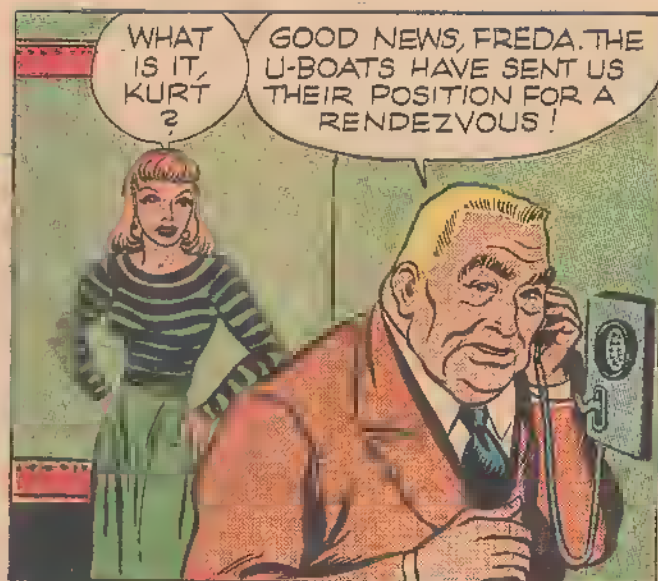


GOOD WORK,  
JORMAN!

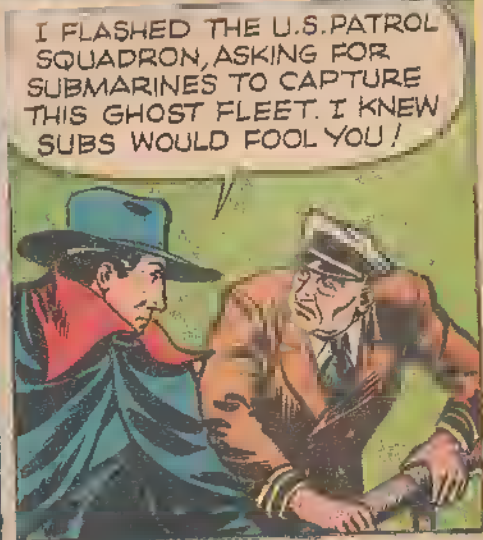
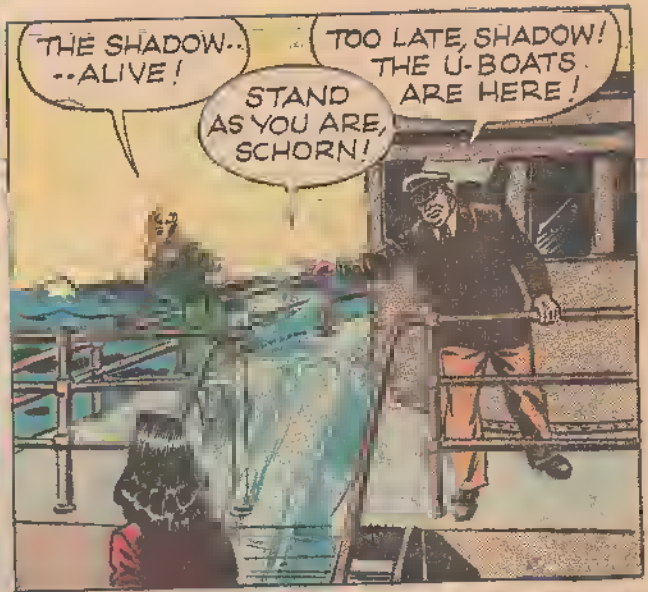














YOU HAVEN'T WON YET,  
SHADOW ! THE CREW OF THIS  
SHIP ARE FULLY ARMED !



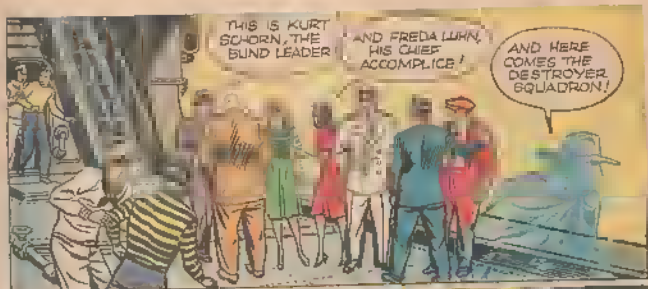
BEFORE THE STARTLED BUND MEMBERS  
CAN BEGIN TO SCUTTLE THEIR SHIPS,  
SAILORS FROM THE U.S. SUBMARINES HAVE  
BOARDED THE GHOST FLEET !

NO LONGER,  
SCHORN-LOOK  
BELOW !

JORMAN  
AND HIS FEDS  
TAKING  
OVER !



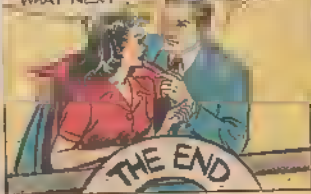




WELL, LAMONT, YOU BAGGED KURT SCHORN AND KEPT HIM FROM SCUTTLEIN A FLEET OF SHIPS! WHAT NEXT?

SOMETHING WILL TURN UP, MAGO. IT ALWAYS DOES!

SCHORN'S STOLEN SHIPS ARE CONVOYED BACK TO PORT BY UNCLE SAM. A GHOST FLEET NO LONGER, THEY ARE SOON TO CARRY U.S. CARGOES!

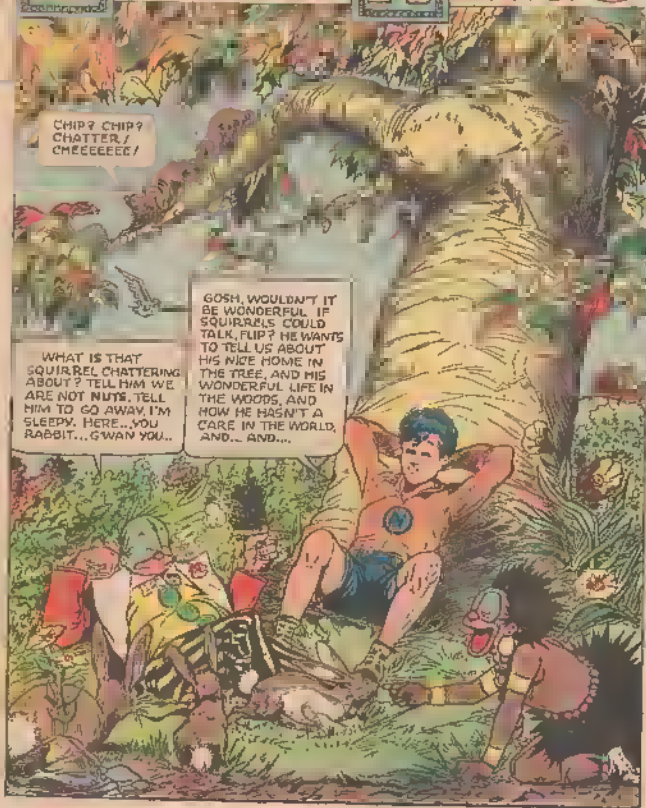


# LITTLE NEMO

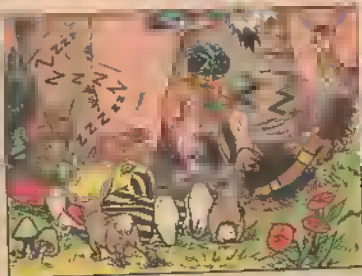
CHIP? CHIP?  
CHATTER,  
CHEEEEEE!

WHAT IS THAT  
SQUIRREL CHATTERING  
ABOUT? TELL HIM WE  
ARE NOT NUTS. TELL  
HIM TO GO AWAY. I'M  
SLEEPY. HERE... YOU  
RABBIT... GWAN YOU...

GOSH, WOULDN'T IT  
BE WONDERFUL IF  
SQUIRRELS COULD  
TALK, FLIP? HE WANTS  
TO TELL US ABOUT  
HIS NICE HOME IN  
THE TREE, AND HIS  
WONDERFUL LIFE IN  
THE WOODS, AND  
HOW HE HASN'T A  
CARE IN THE WORLD,  
AND... AND...







LITTLE NEMO! OH, FOR  
HEAVEN'S SAKE —  
LITTLE, NEEDMOOD!  
SLEEPY HEAD! STIR YOUR  
STUMPS!

IT'S ME, THE NUT  
HUNTER WHO DO  
YOU THINK, ANYWAY?

BUT...BUT I DIDN'T  
KNOW SQUIRRELS  
COULD TALK!

WHY. I WONDER  
WHO'S CALLING  
ME? WHO CAN  
IT BE?

WELL, I'M TALKING,  
AIN'T IT? FACT IS, I  
DIDN'T KNOW YOU  
COULD TALK. I HAVE  
A NAME TOO -- IT'S  
**PEPPY!**



PLEASED TO  
MEET YOU,  
PEPPY!

SAME HERE, LITTLE NEMO  
AND HOW'S YOUR FRIENDS,  
FLIP AND IMPIE? THEY'D  
BETTER NOT LET THE OTHER  
SQUIRRELS SEE THEM!

WHAT'S THIS? IS HE  
INSINUATING THAT WE  
ARE NUTS? UM / IS THAT  
SQUIRREL TALKING?  
IT'S IMPOSSIBLE!

NOTHING IS IMPOSSIBLE, SIR /  
NOTHING! AND KINDLY REMOVE  
THAT TWO-FOR-A-NICKEL CABBAGE  
FROM MY NOSE, WH...!

WHY...  
MARUMPH!  
... SUCH  
IMPUDENCE!

STOP PULLING MY  
TAIL! STOP IT, YOU  
BLACK IMP!

IMPIE!

MY TAIL MADE YOU  
SNEEZE, EH? LET  
THAT BE A LESSON TO  
YOU, YOUNG MAN NEVER  
MONKEY WITH A SQUIRREL!

AACHOO

BUT, C'MON! C'MON UP  
AND SEE MY HOME!

BUT... BUT,  
PEPPY! WE'RE  
TOO BIG!

WHAT DOES HE  
THINK WE ARE  
... PIP-SQUEAKS  
LIKE HIM?

HUH, THAT'S SIMPLE!  
WHERE IS IT?— OH  
YES, HERE IT IS.



G'WAN. JUST EAT THOSE  
BERRIES. THEY'LL CUT  
YOU DOWN TO MY SIZE.  
I'LL WAIT, TWEET...A...  
TWEET!

THINK IT'S SAFE?  
I DON'T TRUST THAT  
BIRD! I DON'T EVEN  
TRUST MYSELF. WHY  
SHOULD I TRUST HIM,  
EH?

WHAT'S GOING ON  
ANYWAY, NOW THAT  
WE'VE EATEN THOSE  
BERRIES? HEY, UM, LOOK  
AT THAT SQUIRREL GROW!

WHY, WHY...  
EVERYTHING IS  
GROWING  
BIGGER!

OGGLE / GLUP?

AW, FLIP! DON'T  
BE LIKE THAT.

WHAT IS THIS  
STUFF? ...WHY  
IT'S GRASS!

OH BUNK!  
WHOEVER SAW  
GRASS THAT BIG?

WHY, PEOPY  
...YOU'RE  
OUR SIZE!

SURE. AND  
NOW YOU  
LOOK HUMAN.  
C'MON!

HUMAN, HMFF!  
HE MEANS  
SQUIRRELY!



JUST AROUND  
THE CORNER!  
JUST AROUND  
THE CORNER,  
FOLKS!

KARUMPH!... HE'S  
BEEN SAYING THAT  
FOR AN HOUR / I  
DON'T THINK HE'S  
GOT A HOME,

G-GOLLY WE  
MUST BE MILES  
HIGH!



AM THERE'S  
MY HOME!  
AIN'T SHE A  
BEAUTY?

LET'S GO  
IN!

DINE  
AND  
DANCE  
AT  
HOLLYWOOD  
INNY

HMEFF! JUST A  
PLACE FOR OLD NUTS,  
THAT'S ALL! --HEY!  
WHAT  
FALLING ON MY  
HEAD ANYHOW?

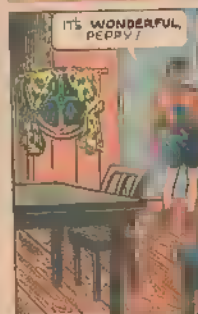




WIDE YOUR FEET!  
WHERE ARE YOUR  
MANNERS, EH?

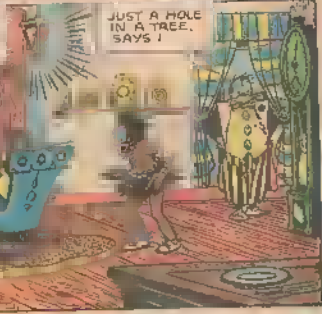
WE'RE  
SORRY,  
PEPPY.

BAH/JU  
TO GO  
INTO A  
HOLE IN  
A TREE.  
BAH!

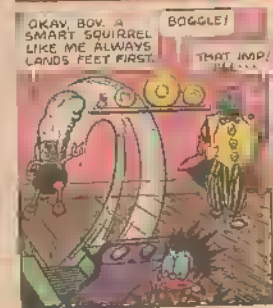


IT'S WONDERFUL,  
PEPPY!

YOU'RE SMART  
FOR YOUR AGE,  
NEMO! YEP, YOU  
SURE ARE.



JUST A HOLE  
IN A TREE.  
SAYS I



OKAY, BOY. A  
SMART SQUIRREL  
LIKE ME ALWAYS  
LANDS FEET FIRST.

BOGGLE!

THAT IMP!



OOOPS! I GOT  
THROWN BY  
A NUT!



HELP ME  
UP! OHMM,  
MY BACK!

THE NUT  
ROLLED OUT  
OF THE  
STORE &  
WANTA SEE  
IT, FOLKS?

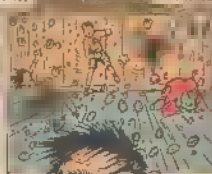
HERE'S MY  
WINTER  
SUPPLY OF  
FOOD.

YOU'RE NOT A  
BAD FELLOW AT  
THAT. AT LEAST  
YOU'RE THRIFTY.

WHAT'S  
HAPPENING?

UM / FEELS  
LIKE AN EARTH-  
QUAKE, OUCH,  
MY TOE!

OH, OH, OH! MY HOUSE!  
I FEEL LIKE A PAIR OF  
DICE BEING RATTLED!  
WHAT'S DOING IT?  
WHAT'S COMING?



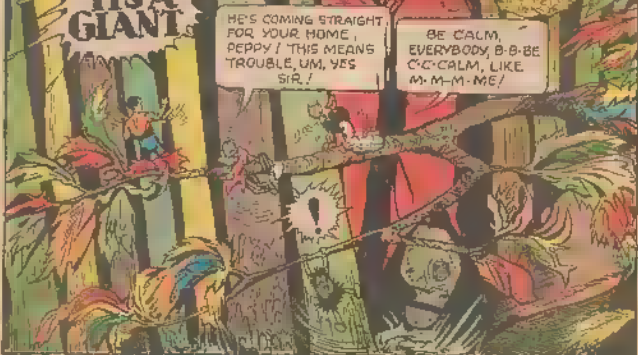
HA! I SEE A SQUIRREL'S  
NEST. IT MUST BE FULL  
O' NUTS—AND I'M  
HUNGRY!



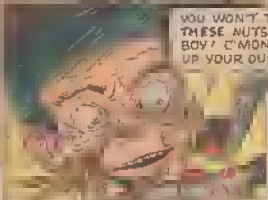
IT'S A  
GIANT!

HE'S COMING STRAIGHT  
FOR YOUR HOME,  
PEPPY! THIS MEANS  
TROUBLE, UM, YES  
SIR!


BE CALM,  
EVERYBODY, B-B-BE  
C-C-CALM, LIKE  
M-M-M-ME!








YOU WON'T TAKE  
THESE NUTS, BIG  
BOY! C'MON, PUT  
UP YOUR DUKES.




I'LL GET HIM! WHY  
I'LL MURDER THE  
BUM--ER LATER

OUTTA MY  
WAY, IMPIE!

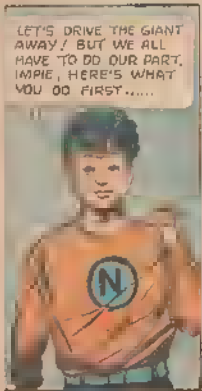


NYAAAAAA !!



HE'S AFTER MY  
PRECIOUS FOOD/  
WELL, I HOPE HE  
GETS THE  
WORMY ONES!

UM, THIS IS AWFUL!  
DO SOMETHING  
SOMEBODY!



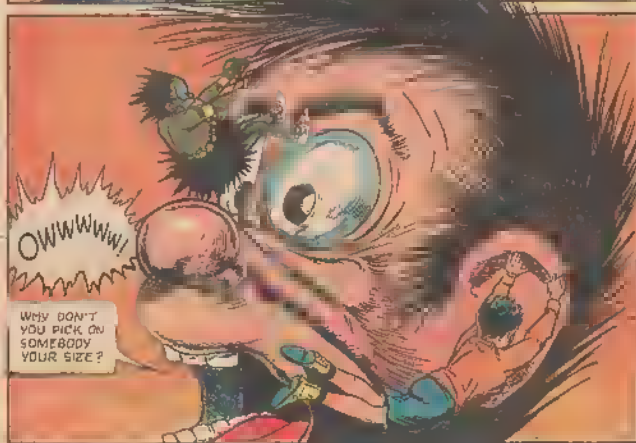
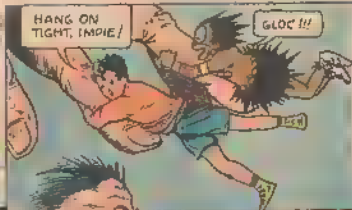
LET'S DRIVE THE GIANT  
AWAY! BUT WE ALL  
HAVE TO DO OUR PART.  
IMPIE, HERE'S WHAT  
YOU DO FIRST.....



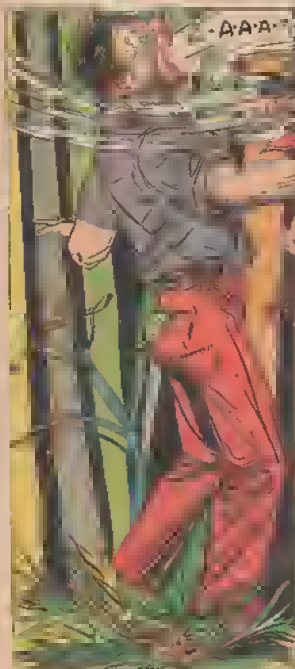
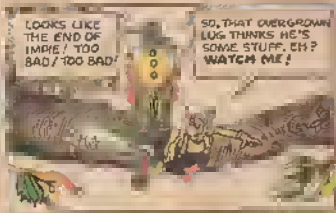
RARRR!

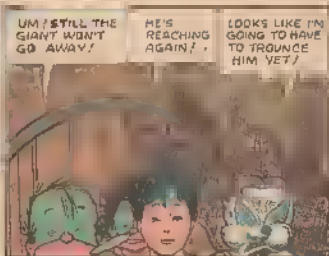
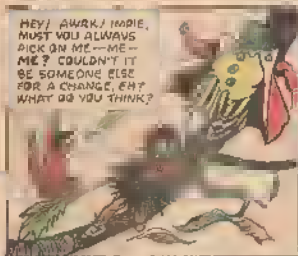
RAWRR!

COULDN'T WAIT  
TILL I WAS OUT  
OF THE WAY,  
COULD YOU?














ATTA BOY! GIVE  
IT TO HIM, YOU  
FELLOWS! GIVE  
IT TO HIM GOOD!

UM! WHAT A MOB!  
I DARE SAY YOU  
COULD HAVE CLEANED  
UP THE GIANT YOUR-  
SELF, PEPPY, YOU DIDN'T  
NEED THIS HELP, PEPPY,  
EH, PEPPY?

LOOK AT  
THOSE RABBITS  
BURROWING  
UNDER HIM!



HELP!

I'M FALLING!

THERE, YOU BIG LUMMOX! NOW WHAT HAVE YOU GOT TO SAY FOR YOURSELF, EH?



PLEASE LET ME GO! I WAS ONLY HUNGRY!

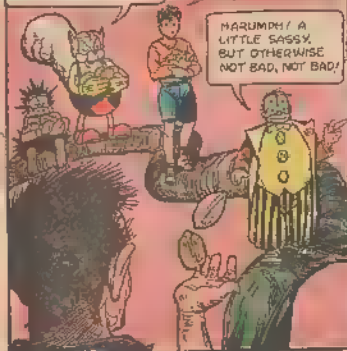


LET THAT BE A LESSON TO YOU... NEVER TAKE ANYTHING WITHOUT ASKING FOR IT FIRST!

HE'S JUST A POOR OLD TRAMP, AND I CAN SPARE THESE NUTS!

YOU'RE A GOOD SCOUT, PEPPY! ISN'T HE, FLIP?

MARUMPH! A LITTLE SASSY, BUT OTHERWISE NOT BAD, NOT BAD!



LITTLE NEMO! WAKE UP! GET UP THIS MINUTE! IT'S TIME FOR SCHOOL!

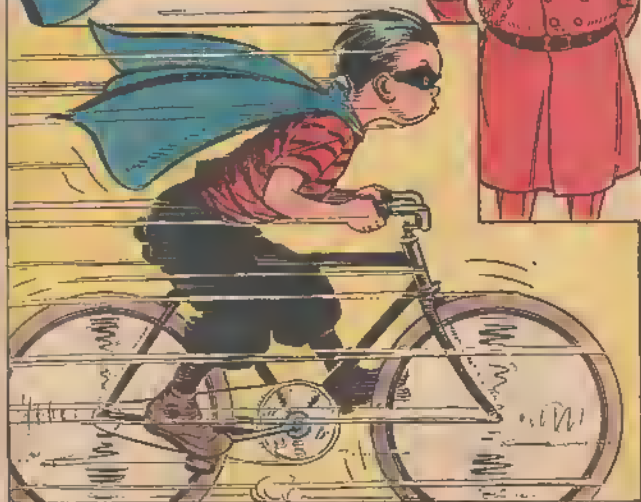
UM... AWR... YAW! GOSH, THAT WAS A WONDERFUL DREAM! WONDER IF I'LL SEE PEPPY AGAIN, IN SLUMBERLAND?





# SUPERSNIPE

EMMA! WHERE'S  
THE CAPE FOR  
MY LODGE  
UNIFORM?



A SUDDEN INEXPLICABLE EPIDEMIC OF GERMAN MEASLES DESCENDS UPON THE TOWN OF YAPBURG—THREATENING EVERY BOY AND GIRL THEREIN WITH TORTUROUS CONFINEMENT IN THEIR RESPECTIVE HOMES—AND A TEMPORARY LOSS OF IMPORTANT RECREATIONAL ACTIVITIES. BUT—AH! A CHAMPION APPEARS TO BATTLE IN THEIR BEHALF—A MIGHTY BATTLER TO WHOM COLOSSAL OBSTACLES ARE BUT A MEANS OF EXERCISE—THE COURAGEOUS—THE DYNAMIC—**SUPERSNIPE**

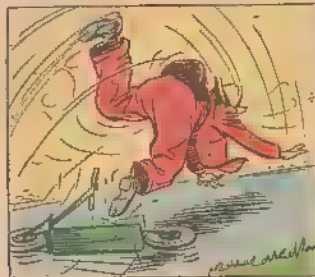
INNOCENT CHILDREN AT PLAY - UNAWARE OF THE EPIDEMIC ABOUT TO ASSAULT THEM



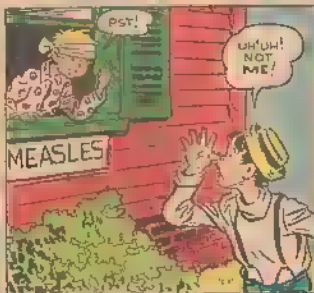
AN EARLY VICTIM - SUFFERING FROM ONE OF THE FIRST SYMPTOMS - LOSS OF APPETITE



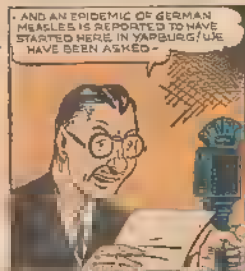
VEHICLES OF OTHER EARLY VICTIMS LEFT UNMANNED - A MENACE TO PUBLIC SAFETY



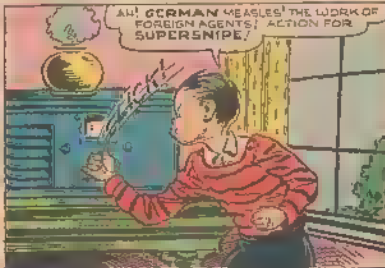
LIFE LONG FRIENDS - SEPARATED



AND AN EPIDEMIC OF GERMAN MEASLES IS REPORTED TO HAVE STARTED HERE IN YAPBURG! WE HAVE BEEN ASKED -

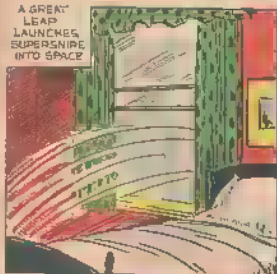


AH! GERMAN MEASLES! THE WORK OF FOREIGN AGENTS! ACTION FOR SUPERSNIPE!





A GREAT  
LEAP  
LAUNCHES  
SUPERSNIPE  
INTO SPACE



THROUGH THE UNACCOMMODATING AIR WHIZZES THE MAN  
OF 1953



BASILY  
SUPERSNIPE  
PLUNGES  
TO EARTH  
AND BATTLES  
FURIOUSLY  
FOR AIR



NOTHING IN DISTRESS CAN ESCAPE  
SUPERSNIPE'S TELESCOPIC VISION



MEANWHILE

WHERE'S MY LODGE CAPE (I'M  
LATE! I HAD IT RIGHT HERE!

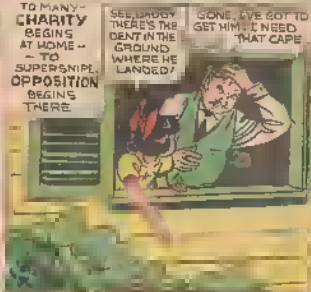
I SAW BROTHER  
DIVING OUT THROUGH  
HIS BEDROOM  
WINDOW WITH IT,  
DADDY!



TO MANY-  
CHARITY  
BEGINS  
AT HOME--  
~ TO  
SUPERSNIPE,  
OPPOSITION  
BEGINS  
THERE

SEE, DADDY  
THERE'S THE  
DENT IN THE  
GROUND  
WHERE HE  
LANDED!

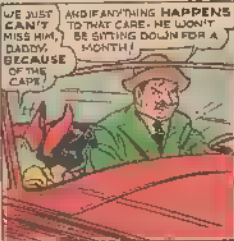
GONE. I'VE GOT TO  
GET HIM-- I NEED  
THAT CAPE



BUT THE  
GERMAN  
MEASLES  
MUST BE  
STOPPED -  
AND  
SUPERSNIPE  
HAS LOST  
NO TIME  
IN GRIPPING  
A SUSPECT



TOD ABSORBED IN HIS DUTY TO THE  
SUFFERING CHILDREN OF VAPBURG -  
SUPERSNIPE FAILS TO SENSE THE  
APPROACHING DANGER.



THERE HE IS, BROTHER!  
DADDY, THERE COME  
HE IS! HERE!



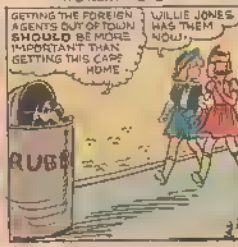
SUPERSNIPE - WITH HIS TELEPHONIC MIND  
SENSING SELF-DESTRUCTION - LEAPS INTO  
ACTION - AND - SECONDS LATER -



DON'T FALL,  
DADDY! YOU'LL  
CATCH  
HIM!

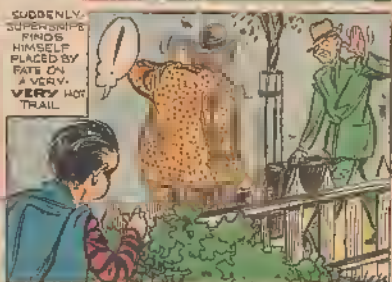
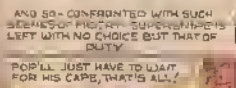
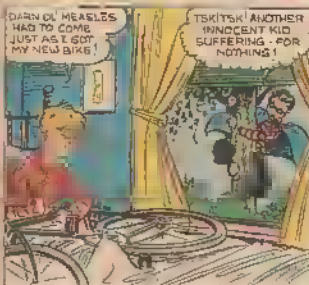


SUCCESSFULLY ESCAPING HIS  
PURSUERS - SUPERSNIPE PONDER'S  
HIS NEXT MOVE.





SUPERSNIPE DECIDES ON A PERSONAL INVESTIGATION OF THE TRUE CONDITIONS IN THE TOWN

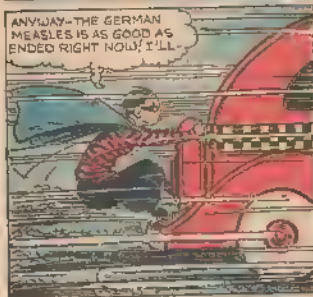




I CAN'T  
UNDERSTAND  
HOW THE COPS  
CAN BE SO DUMB  
AS TO MISS  
ALL THIS!



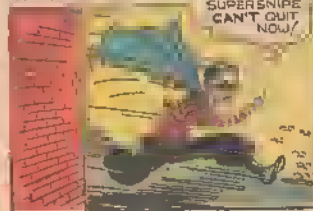
ANYWAY—THE GERMAN  
MEASLES IS AS GOOD AS  
ENDED RIGHT NOW! I'LL—



WITH HIS TELEPHONIC MIND AGAIN SENSING  
SELF-DESTRUCTION—SUPER-SNIPE ZIPS  
FOR SAFETY

JUST WHEN I WAS ON THE TRAIL OF SOMETHING  
HOT! BUT I'LL GET BACK ON IT!

SUPER-SNIPE  
CAN'T QUIT  
NOW!



SUDDENLY

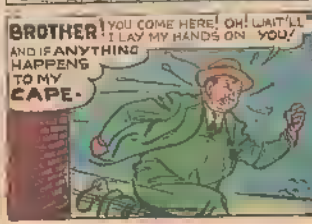
HE IS, DADDY!  
**THERE**  
HE IS!!

**THERE**

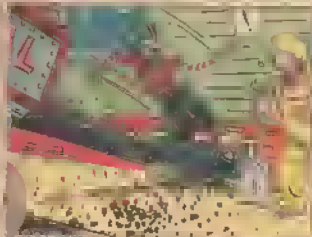
WHERE? OH!  
**BROTHER!!**



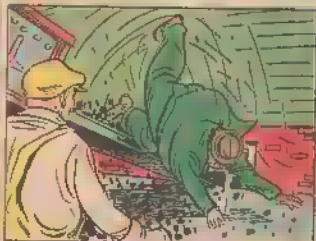
**BROTHER!** YOU COME HERE! OH! WAIT'LL  
I LAY MY HANDS ON YOU!  
AND IF ANYTHING  
HAPPENS  
TO MY CAPE.



EASILY THE MAN OF 1955 IS OUTRUNNING HIS  
POWERFUL FATHER



BUT ON AND ON COMES THE OPPOSITION.  
IN FUTILE EFFORT



WITH IRRESISTIBLE LEAPS, SUPERSNIPE  
HURDLES ALL OBSTACLES

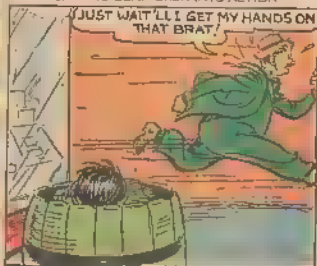


SUPERSNIPE'S  
SUPERVISION  
SPOTS TWO  
MORE SUSPECTS

OH, IF I COULD ONLY STOP  
NOW! BUT I'LL GET BACK  
ON THEIR TRAIL!



WITH FREEDOM WON - SUPERSNIPE CAN'T  
WAIT TO LEAP BACK INTO ACTION



JUST WAIT'LL I GET MY HANDS ON  
THAT BRAT!

WITH THE ALL-CLAR SIGNAL FROM HIS TELEPHONIC  
WEARING AND TELESCOPIC VISION - SUPERSNIPS  
DARTS OFF FOR THE HOT TRAIL AGAIN

MY WORK'LL SOON BE DONE  
AND EVERYTHING  
WILL  
TURN  
OUT  
RIGHT!

DIDN'T YOU  
GET HIM,  
DADDY?

OH SURE! SURE! CAN'T YOU SEE?  
HE'S IN MY POCKET!  
**SHUT UP!**

THERE  
HE IS, DADDY!  
THERE  
HE IS!

WHERE?  
WHERE?

**CRASH!**

WHAT'S THE MATTER WITH  
YOU? D'N'T YOU SEE MY  
HAND OUT? GET OUT  
YOUR LICENSE!

IT - IT'S ALL MY FAULT!  
OFFICER! ALL MY  
FAULT! I'LL PAY THE  
DAMAGE! I'LL PAY!

**LATER**  
AREN'T YOU  
GOING TO LOOK  
ANYMORE FOR  
BROTHER,  
DADDY?

NO, WE'RE GOING  
RIGHT HOME - BEFORE  
**I EXPLODE!**



MEANWHILE.

EXTRA!  
EXTRA! EPIDEMIC  
UNDER CONTROL!  
EXTRA!

I KNEW I'D  
WIN! BUT I STILL GOT  
TO GET THE AGENTS!

AH! NOW I KNOW  
WHY THEY WERE ALL  
CARRYING TRAVELING BAGS!  
THEY'RE MAKING A GET-  
AWAY, NOW THAT THEIR  
DIRTY WORK IS DONE!  
SUPER-SNIPE MUST GET TO  
THE RAILROAD STATION  
QUICK!

WHY DIDN'T  
I THINK OF THIS  
BEFORE!!

I HEAR  
THERE'S A  
BIG CROWD  
EXPECTED  
AT OUR  
NATIONAL  
CONVENTION

YES,  
AND  
I THINK  
WE'RE  
GOING  
TO ENJOY  
IT

WHERE'S  
HENRY?

YEAH! HE  
NEVER MISSES  
THE CONVENTION!

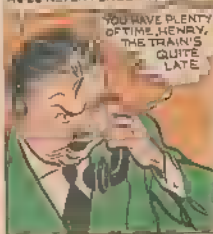
LOOKS LIKE  
OUR TRAIN  
IS LATE!

IT'S A GOOD THING I  
GOT HERE IN TIME!  
THE GERMAN M  
CASE WILL SOON BE  
OVER!

HA! ALL SET FOR A NICE  
GET-AWAY,  
AIN'TCHA!-



- THANKS, FRANK! I'LL BE RIGHT  
THERE TO GET HIM! - AND IF I'M  
LATE FOR THE LODGE CONVENTION  
WE'LL NEVER FORGET IT!



YOU HAVE PLENTY  
OFTIME, HENRY.  
THE TRAIN'S  
QUITE LATE

WHAT'S HE  
TALKING  
ABOUT?



SAY!  
ISN'T HE  
HENRY'S  
KID?

YES! AND HE'S  
WEARING  
THE LODGE  
CAPE!

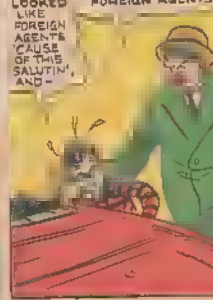
PROBABLY THAT'S  
WHAT'S KEEPING  
HENRY - HE MUST  
BE LOOKING FOR THE  
CAPE!

I'LL GET TO  
PHONE AND  
TALK TO  
HENRY!

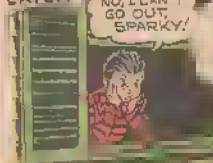
BUT  
POP!  
T.T. THEY  
LOOKED  
LIKE  
FOREIGN  
AGENTS  
'CAUSE  
OF THIS  
SALUTIN',  
AND -

JUST WAIT! WE GET  
HOME! THE IDEA - MY  
LODGE BROTHERS -  
'FOREIGN AGENTS'?

THAT 'SALUTING  
IS MERELY OUR  
LODGE GREETING,  
SON



LATER



NO, I CAN'T  
GO OUT,  
SPARKY!

OH, ARE  
YOU  
SUFFERIN  
FROM THE  
GERMAN  
MEASLES  
TOO?

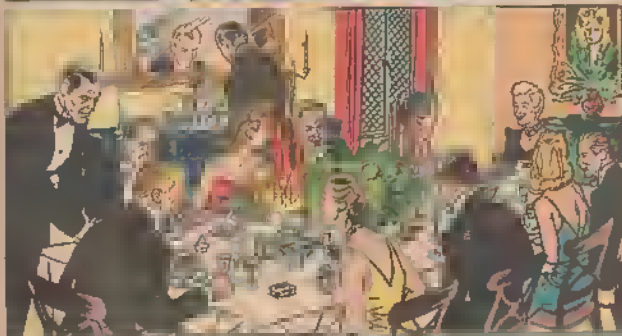


WELL - YES -  
IN A WAY -  
I AM

DON'T MISS SUPERSNIPE'S NEXT  
EXCITING ADVENTURE

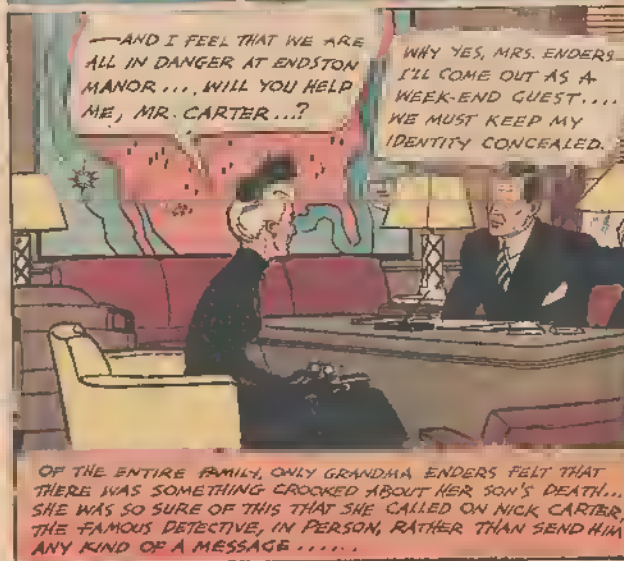
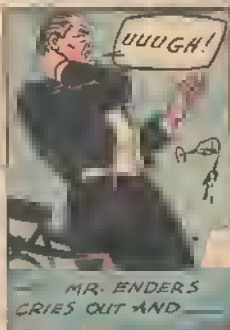
# NICK CARTER...

... THE GREATEST CRIME SOLVER OF OUR DAY, IS CALLED IN ON THE ENDSTON MANDR MYSTERY. MEMBERS OF THE LHM DISTINGUISH WHY DYE UNDER MYSTERIOUS CIRCUMSTANCES BEFORE THE VERY EYES OF THEIR RELATIVES... NO TRACE OF FOUL PLAY, NOR ANY INDICATION OF POISON IS FOUND IN THE INQUESTS—BUT NICK CARTER CRACKS THE CASE WIDE OPEN AND DOES HE SOLVE THE MYSTERY...!



THE ENDSTON FAMILY ARE AT DINNER—HAVING A WONDERFUL TIME, WHEN SUDDENLY





NICK CAME  
TO  
ENDSTON  
MANOR  
AS  
NATHAN  
CORDELL

MR—CORDELL?

YES, YOU ARE  
MRS. ENDER'S  
CHAUFFEUR,  
I PRESUME



THANK YOU

HAMMM!  
LOVELY PLACE  
—MUCH WEALTH!

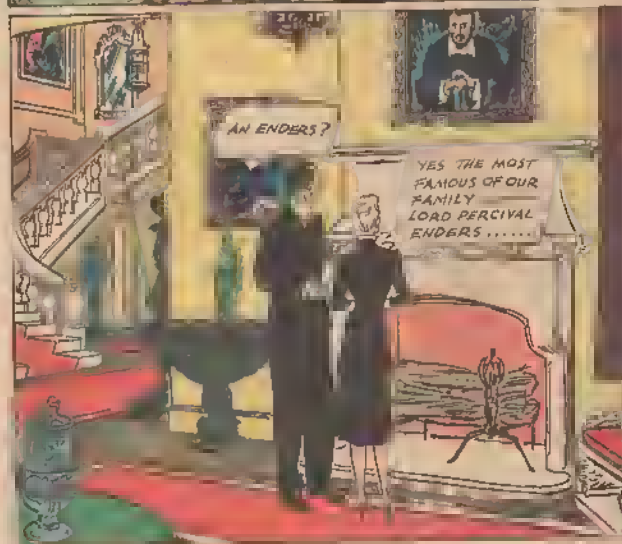
HERE YOU ARE,  
SIR.. I'LL BRING  
UP YOUR BAGS  
IMMEDIATELY



WELL —  
HELLO THERE  
LITTLE MAN

SEEING A  
STRANGER  
IN NICK,  
BEPPPO  
STANDS AT  
ATTENTION





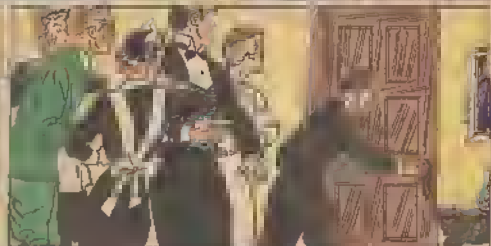




NICK  
GOES  
UP THE  
STAIRS  
TWO AT  
A TIME  
...



“  
THE SERVANTS  
CONGREGATE  
—HELPLESS  
WITH FEAR...  
...  
”



NICK RUSHED  
TO THE  
WINDOW  
BUT  
NOTHING  
WAS TO BE  
SEEN BUT  
LITTLE  
BEPPA  
SCAMPERING

ACROSS THE  
LAWN  
TOWARDS  
THE STABLE  
...



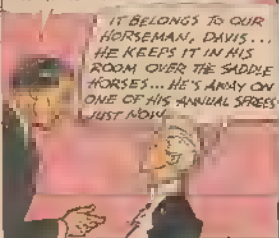
BILL DIED  
JUST AS HAD  
HIS FATHER  
AND THE  
INQUEST  
THAT  
FOLLOWED  
SHOWED AS  
MUCH AS  
HAD HIS  
FATHER'S—  
NOTHING  
...

BUT DIDN'T YOU SEE ANY-  
ONE AT ALL, MRS. ENDERS?

NOT A SOUL... BILL WAS  
SITTING WITH HIS BACK  
TO THE OPEN WINDOW  
READING... SUDDENLY,  
HE GRUNTED—RAISED  
UP FROM HIS CHAIR—  
CLAPPED HIS HAND TO  
THE BACK OF HIS NECK  
— AND FELL OVER—  
DEAD!... OHHH!



HAVE ALL DOORS AND WINDOWS  
CLOSED, AND ALLOW NO ONE TO  
LEAVE THE PLACE... NOW,  
WHOSE IS THAT MONKEY...?



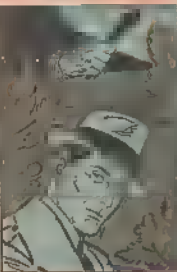
IT BELONGS TO OUR  
HORSEMAN, DAVIS...  
HE KEEPS IT IN HIS  
ROOM OVER THE SADDLE  
HORSES... HE'S AWAY ON  
ONE OF HIS ANNUAL SPURS  
JUST NOW.

THE GREAT  
NICK CARTER  
STARTS  
ESTIGATION  
— HE HAS  
A HUNCH HE'LL  
FIND WHAT

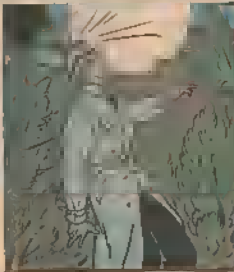
THE HORSE  
STABLE,  
BUT —



HE  
DOESN'T —



GET  
THERE..



AY, DIS GUY  
IS HEFTY FER  
HIS LOOKS...

SO WHAT? SHOW  
HIM TO ZIG, AN'  
DUMP 'IM —

THE GANG HIDEOUT — TO WHICH THEY ARE TAKING NICK CARTER

DIS GUY WAS SNOOPIN' AROUND DE  
GARDEN, ZIG, SO I KONKED 'IM...

OH YEAH...?  
THROW HIM IN  
THE TRAP...

FORTUNATELY FOR  
NICK THE BOSS  
WAS JUST IN A  
HOT ARGUMENT,  
AND DIDN'T TAKE  
THE TIME TO  
LOOK AT HIM,  
AND

...

— HE NEVER  
REALIZED THAT HE  
HAD NICK CARTER,  
THE GREATEST ENEMY  
OF ALL CRIMINALS,  
IN HIS POWER...

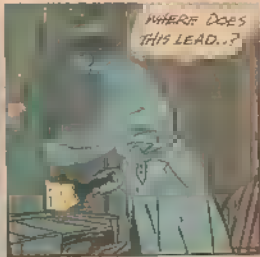
...







WHAT-WHERE-??  
NOW I REMEMBER...  
I WAS SLUGGED IN  
THE GARDEN



WHERE DOES  
THIS LEAD..?

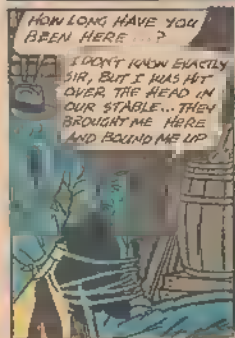


WHO ARE  
YOU...?

MY NAME IS  
DAVIS-I HAVE  
CHARGE OF THE  
RIDING HORSES  
AT ENDSTON  
MANOR-MR.  
ENDERS' PLACE

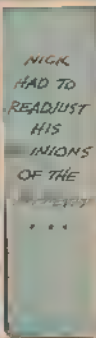
THIS WAS  
ABOUT THE  
LAST MAN  
NICK  
EXPECTED

HERE  
...



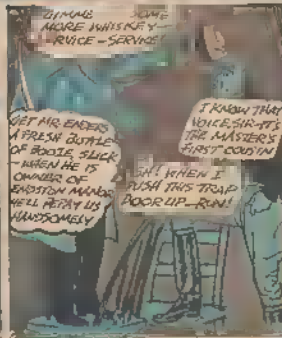
HOW LONG HAVE YOU  
BEEN HERE...?

I DON'T KNOW EXACTLY  
SIR, BUT I WAS HIT  
OVER THE HEAD IN  
OUR STABLE... THEN  
BROUGHT ME HERE  
AND BOUND ME UP



NICK  
HAD TO  
READJUST  
HIS  
INIONS  
OF THE

...



GIMME  
MORE WHISKEY-  
-RUICE-SERVICE

GET MR ENDERS  
A FRESH BOTTLE  
OF BOOZE, SLICK  
-WHEN HE IS  
OWNER OF  
ENDSTON MANOR  
HE'LL REPAY US  
HANDSOMELY

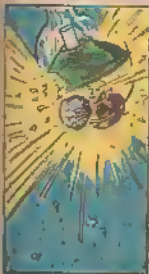
I KNOW THAT  
VOICE, SIR-IT'S  
THE MASTER'S  
FIRST COUSIN

SH! WHEN I  
PUSH THIS TRAP  
DOOR UP-RUN!



NICK  
HURLS  
A ROCK  
STRAIGHT  
AT THE  
LAMP  
AND

...



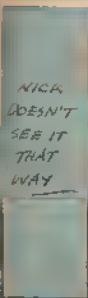
AS THE  
LIGHT  
GOES  
OUT,  
NICK  
AND  
DAVIS  
STREAK  
THE  
OUT-  
DOORS

...

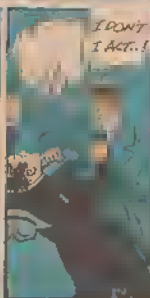


NICK GETS  
TO THE  
BUNG CAR  
THE DRIVER  
TRIES TO  
STOP HIM,  
BUT

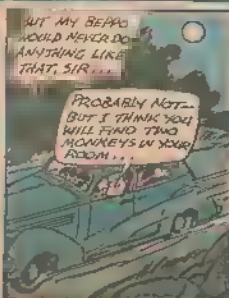
...



NICK  
DOESN'T  
SEE IT  
THAT  
WAY



I DON'T  
I ACT..!



BUT MY BEPPO  
WOULD NEVER DO  
ANYTHING LIKE  
THAT, SIR...

PROBABLY NOT--  
BUT I THINK YOU  
WILL FIND TWO  
MONKEYS IN YOUR  
ROOM...

NICK CARTER  
HAS THE CASE  
SOLVED, BUT  
THE MORE HE  
EXPLAINS  
THE LESS DAVIS  
UNDERSTANDS.  
NICK IS  
HURRYING  
BACK TO  
PREVENT  
A POSSIBLE  
THIRD  
MURDER....

...



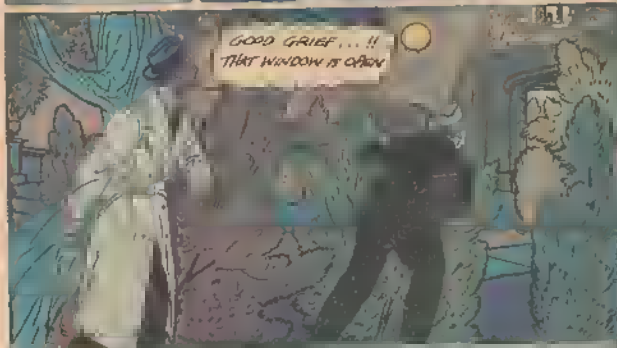
NICK STEPS INTO DAVIS' ROOM... HE DISPATCHED THE HORSEMAN TO NOTIFY THE POLICE TO PICK UP THE GANG AT THE DESERTED FARM HOUSE HIDE-OUT....



CAGED... JUST AS I THOUGHT... BUT GOOD HEAVENS! THE OTHER ONE MUST BE AT WORK!



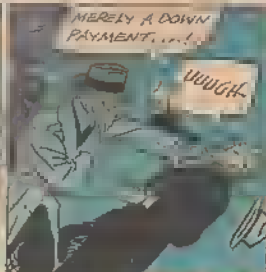
THE TINY MESSENGER OF DEATH IS ON HIS WAY TO ADD ANOTHER MEMBER OF THE ENDERS FAMILY TO THE MOUNTING LIST OF SUDDEN, UNEXPECTED DEATHS



NICK HAPPENS TO COME UP BEHIND THE GANGSTER WHO IS HANDLING THE MONKEY JUST AS THE ANIMAL REACHES THE WINDOW SILL....



NICK  
KAYOS  
THE  
GANGST  
AND GETS  
HIS GUN



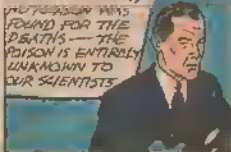
NICK BEATS  
THE  
MONKEY  
TO THE  
PUNCH-  
BY A HAIR

BUT THIS SOUNDS FANTASTIC  
MR CARTER-I MAY AGAIN  
CALL YOU BY YOUR RIGHT  
NAME...?

IT IS FANTASTIC, BUT TRUE... THIS  
MONKEY, TRAINED BY A CIRCUS MEMBER  
OF THE ZIG ZELLI GANG, WAS DRESSED IN  
THE LITTLE SOLDIER SUIT OF DAVIS' PET,  
AND



— WITH A TINY DART  
TUBE SUBSTITUTED FOR THE  
SWORD, WOULD BLOW A  
MINIATURE POISON DART, LIKE  
SE USED BY THE AFRICAN  
GAMES.. THIS VIRULENT POI-  
EANS INSTANT DEATH, AND  
IS SO STRONGLY ASTRINGENT  
THAT THE WOUND IT CAUSES  
IMMEDIATELY CLOSES UP—  
LEAVING NOT A  
CN... THAT IS WHY



GOOD GRACIOUS  
HER BACK IS  
ALL COVERED  
— REYNOLDS  
D SPOKE!  
EXACTLY—AND THAT  
MONKEY WAS TRAINED  
TO SHOOT A DART AT  
ANYONE'S NECK WHO  
HAD THAT COLOR ON  
HIM— THIS POWDER  
WAS DUSTED UPON ALL  
YOUR CLOTHES BY SOME-  
ONE WITHIN THIS HOUSE



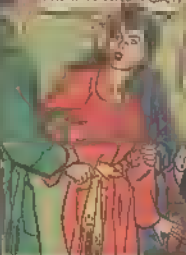
BUT HOW DID THE  
MONKEY KNOW WHEN  
TO ATTACK? NONE  
OF THE SERVANTS  
WERE MOLESTED



I WAS COMING TO THAT  
YOU SEE THESE LITTLE  
COLORED GLASSES? LOOK  
AT MISS JANE'S BACK  
THROUGH THEM—  
WITHOUT THEM SHE  
LOOKS PERFECTLY  
NORMAL, BUT  
THROUGH THE  
GLASSES WHAT  
DO YOU SEE?



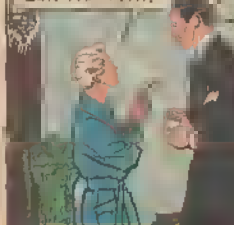
LEMMIE GO, YOU—  
I DIDN'T KNOW  
WHAT IT WAS FOR..



I WAS SURE SARA'D  
EXPOSE HERSELF—  
ALTHOUGH I DON'T THINK  
SHE HAD ANY IDEA  
WHAT THIS DUSTING OF  
POWDER ON YOUR COO  
WOULD LEAD TO — THE  
POLICE UNDOUBTEDLY HAVE  
CAPTURED THE GANG  
BY NOW...



BUT WHY SHOULD ANYONE  
TRY TO EXTERMINATE  
OUR FAMILY...?



FORGIVE ME — I SO OFTEN  
LEAVE THE MOST IMPORTANT  
ITEM TILL THE LAST.. THE ZELL  
GANG HAS YOUR DEAD SON'S  
FIRST COUSIN IN TOWN.. WHEN  
YOU WERE ALL DISPOSED OF HE  
WOULD FALL HEIR TO THE FAMIL  
FORTUNE, AND THE GANG WOULD  
EASILY GET HIM TO SIGN  
EVERYTHING OVER TO THEM—  
REALLY, ALL HE WANTS FROM  
LIFE IS WHISKEY AND THAT  
THEY WOULD HAVE ALWAYS  
GIVEN HIM, JUST AS THEY  
HAVE IN THE PAST...



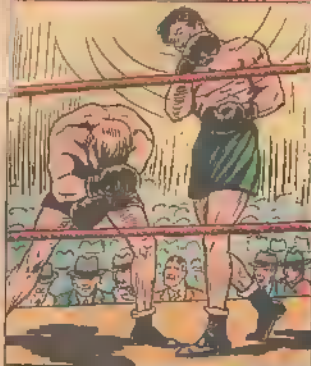
DON'T FAIL  
TO READ  
THE NEXT  
ISSUE OF  
SHADOW  
COMICS,  
AND HAVE  
ONE AND  
ONLY NICK  
EXPLAIN  
AND SOLVE  
ANOTHER DEEP  
MYSTERY FOR  
YOU.....



— AND SO ENDS THE MYSTERY OF ENDSTON MANOR

**CLUE 1. STAR 1**

THIS BOXER  
LOST ONLY ONE  
PROFESSIONAL FIGHT BEFORE HE WON  
THE HEAVYWEIGHT CHAMPIONSHIP OF  
THE WORLD.

**CLUE 2. STAR 1**

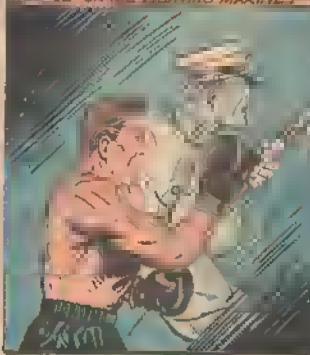
HE HAD BRITTLE  
HANDS AND  
CURED THEM BY CHOPPING WOOD.  
WHEN HE FOUGHT FOR THE HEAVYWEIGHT  
CROWN NOBODY GAVE HIM A CHANCE  
AGAINST THE DEFENDING CHAMPION.

**CLUE 3. STAR 1**

HE RETIRED  
FROM THE RING,  
UNDEFEATED AND IS CONSIDERED ONE OF  
THE MOST EDUCATED EX-HEAVYWEIGHT  
CHAMPIONS. HIS INITIALS ARE G.F.

**CLUE 4. STAR 1**

HIS FIRST  
NAME IS  
GENE AND, WHEN FIGHTING, HE WAS  
CALLED THE PRIDE OF GREENWICH  
VILLAGE OR THE FIGHTING MARINE.





# NEWS LAFFS



**I**N BROOKLYN, N.Y. A MAN ASKED FOR A DIVORCE BECAUSE HIS WIFE INSISTED ON TELLING HIM JOKES IN BED

**T**HE NAVY STICKING TO CHAMPAGNE HAS POLITELY REJECTED AN AMERICAN DISTILLERS SUGGESTION THAT IT CHRISTEN ITS FUTURE BATTLE SHIPS WITH BOTTLED ZOMBIES



**A** MAN IN CHICAGO HAS ANNOUNCED HIS INTENTION OF SAILING DOWN THE MISSISSIPPI RIVER IN A BATH TUB



**A** BURGLAR IN RHODE ISLAND BROUGHT THE WATCH DOG OF A HOUSE HE ROBBED A RUBBER BORE

# JOSHUA

by R. CREIGHTON BUCK

I begoneth to my nephew, Arthur Quincy Markee, who, I am to understand, is smothering English at some school in Albinson, the business of my mate on the proviso that he give for the remainder of his life in my house in Maine.

4

(Signed) Agnehn Quincy.

So brrn hn won, et thn agn of filty-thren, nppnd-ing n sold wlnth north of thn Mason-Dixon Linn for the first time in tnn yonrs.

At thn mornn, Manknn stoppd nnd peeted through thn flyng mow at thn sign.

## ANTIQUES Inoor Laquedem, Prop.

The door slammd behind him, netting the little bull tinkling molly.

"Good moirntng, Mr. Manknn. It'n about thn clock that you've nornn?"

"Pronddly hn pointed to n maseivn paneled box brrsing n mltitudo of elonk innon. Obvionnly n vry old elock, for thn parvings wetn worn and thn mns king-on thn dials wne almost nffonnd.

Manknn brrn forwrd to exmninn it nion nionly. In appninnno it rnmblnd thn elobort n elonk bnit by thn sevvnntnntn or nighnnntb- century nrlmnn. Some of thm, hn nmmnnbrnd, medn nloke thn showd the day of thn month nn well nn thn time of day. Perhaps this was one of thom. Connnionly hn inquitnd thn prinn.

"Well, lonyou it'n nhrnp. Ninny-Evn dollon."

Macknn nwallownd ond pollnd ont bin nhrnp-book. Thn hnbite of fltynn ymn on n mchinn'n pay wng hard to brnk. He flld to thn amount nnd gavn it to thn ontign dealm with innnn- lionn for the delivry of thn nlonk.

Surpriongly, thn nnnnt mornng wnn nleas. By nlnvnn o'lonk thn walltwn hnd norn ond gonnd hnd hn wnn admnnng hn nwn nngnntlon.

"Clom examination nonvinnnd him thn thn clock wnn nnnnnnd in more wnyz thn one. The cnylwn on the pnnnln definitely dld not dnm from thn Englonnd or Fionnn of thn sevvnntnntn or nighnnntn nnn nny. They rnmbrnd more thn Tprnk or Arabic innnnnptionnn h'd nwn on n- blip at thn unlvnny. Odden yet wnn thn rting of chcractern thn nnnnnntnd thn nnnntal pnnnl, nbnvnn thn thn n lorn elonk lnnns. Tbnny wnn un- mntekobly old Hnbnwl

Strugglntg bie nbnouldnn, Manknn went to work to rnmovn thn layn of oily dust thn clng to the sutfwns. On the front pnnnl, the thnre nlonk

dldn wnn nnnngnd in n triongl. Thn top ooo wnn msknd into twelnv divionns, probably indinntng houts. At n tough gnmm, thn oroon brron hndn pointed to n lwn mntnns bnloio eight. Thn othor two dials wnt divided into nwnnn and thittnn nnnkors.

Connnlly hn nnnnnnd wipng nwny thn n- nnnnd grmn thn hnd nornnd thn lron pnnnl ond nnnnd hie attention to thn nld pnnnls. Tbnny wnn nplnkn with oriontal innngny. Thn only hgures hn nnnngnnd wnn lbn-bred Thoth nnd wingnd Aeshur.

Manknn wallnd stonnd thn nlonk ngnin ood stppnd bnkk to admnn it. Qnnnn! It dldn't look thn nnnn. His eyee nnn ownd on hn trnd to cnyth the nnnnyng dffinnnnn. Hn pnnzld gnyz tell on thn top dial nnd be gnyssed. Thn hndn nwn pointed to nght fltnnnl. Thn clock wnn nll nnnng! In bnnt ovnt end placd hn nnn ngnnt the enon. Not o sonnd. Pnyplnd, hn rnynd to find o wny of opnyng thn nlonk. Nownnn nnnnd hn find n nngln ngn thn ngn ngn wnt meant to bn opnnnd. Thn wnn qnnnl! A mnnnnnn thn rnn without n nnnnd nnd with apparently no prnvion for rnyndng! Soundnd likn prnpt of motton. Well, thn brrnn wnt untll hn nnnnd gnt somn npprt. Hn nnnnnly wnn n nnnnnnn.

Cnnionn Macknn pollnd ont hn wnnth. Tbnnn mnnntnol twelnv. Thn old nlonk wnn only nbnnt nght houn too lnet. Mght on well nnt it. Hn rnyndnd ont, took hold of thn lnnng nnnnt hand nnd nggnd. With n pnyntnng nnnk tht stnt ehlynn trotting along hn nppnl nnnnnn, the hand movnd. Slowly hn lornnd it bnknwrd. Thn bnss pointer rnyndnd nnggnyshly, nnn though it wnn movng in o vinnnd flld. Pny- bps he nbnld'n movnd it forwrd to twelnv innnnnd of bnknwrd. Too lnn nnn. Hn found hnnndd nnyntng n thn dld ln lnnn'n nnt to jnn thn mnyknng. They snnmd to be getting morn ond morn dfficult to dntngnysh. In nnddn nnn- pnynnnn, hn rnynd to thn window. The sky hnd bncom ovnntn ngnin. Ovnnnnnd it wnn nght bnkn. Toward thn nnt thn wnn n lnnnt lght- nnn, nnnnt, hn thought, likn thn lght of dwn.

The door to thn mnnnnnt swung open to admnt thn pnyntng hnd of Hnpyzboh, thn hnnnnkoonn.

"You dnnnn'n nody, prnlnssor. Mghty dnk day, isn't it? Rmnnda me of thn wnter of '91. For two wholn dnyy yon rouldn't nnn thn sun. Mnnk evnybody wnn enownd in. Mghty nold wntn."

"Thanks, Hnpyzboh. I'll bn rnyht out."

Mackee glanced outside into the bewildering blackness, then switched on the radio.

"—Jes of the Blue Label Baklag Powder Co. Ike and Mike will come to you tomorrow at the same time. This is James McLeish, speaking for Blue Label Baklag Powder Co., and bid'ng you all a schlorp!"

"Special news flash! The Newtlandland Observatory has just released a bell-ringing earthquake detense that has so suddenly ceased the 'blackops' of almost the entire Western Hemisphere. Here is the bulletin: 'At 12:04 today the earthquake observed to stop, reverse direction, and rapidly sink toward the eastern horizon, where it came to rest and resumed its normal motion. Three minutes later, at 12:04, the earthquake direction again disappeared below the horizon. No explanation is as yet forthcoming.'

"This station will keep you informed with up-to-the-minute flashies. We now return you to the scheduled program."

The subdued music of an orchestra filled the room. Mackee stood in the center of the room in expression of shocked dismay played fitfully across his face.

"It's incredible! Practically unbelievable!"

He ran his fingers through his stringy hair and then, with faltering steps, he returned to the clock. He hesitated for a moment, rubbed his nerveless hands together, and began to turn the hands of the clock forward. When they were more pointed to eight twenty he took a deep breath and slowly turned around.

The electric lights seemed pale in the watery sunlight; they beat in through the windows!

His breath whirled with the implications of his discovery. He'd gone Edison one better! He changed day into night! But how did it work? A vague recollection of a legend he'd once read loomed to the surface of his mind for a moment and then was gone. His brow furrowed as he concentrated. The library at Caldwell University. He'd been classifying a collection of books donated to the library. One rather dusty book—what was that title! Suddenly the fragments dropped into place. A page of printing drifted into focus.

Thus did the Lord speak unto the craftsmen of Gahelmon and command them to substitute a gear in the clock, and to this people shall they place the gear, the iron of Chronos that was the ordering of the earth and the heavens. And they shall know that by this gift they may control the seasons, even unto the motion of the sun itself. And to the people did heed they wise craftsmen. Thus did the Lord God Jehovah overthrow the Babylonian priests of the sun worshippers.

Perhaps that had not been a significant patch! Perhaps it had been literally true! Of course, the clock must've been actually made by some eccentric priest such as the great legendary Khar, the craftsman. A thousand different plans

swirled through his brain. Edgar Perkins, his leicety brother, had been professor of physics at the university. Wise him to come up as well. He'd find out what makes it tick.

What might have happened if Agatha Quincy's hands hadn't been steady as he'd to see. A terrible gust of icy wind whirled in a desert dance and brushed lightly across the nose of Professor Mackee's moist nose. His long, bony nose wrinkled; he sniffed twice and then he sneezed! No, just once, but times separate and distinct: eeeeee! His face began to glow red, and the words he muttered might have shocked Hepzibah out of her respectability. For the first time in his life, Arthur Quincy Mackee had caught cold!

Visions of Alabama drifted through his mind. Alabama and winter fields, and the sweet nostalgia of "Drip River" flowing on the curly elm. Ceanothus and hollyhocks. Worms, summer! Summer!

He ran toward the clock and then checked himself. The hands had been difficult to move in order to change winter into summer, he'd have to turn the hands around exactly three hundred times! Entirely too slow. There ought to be some way to work it. Electricity? That was it! He'd buy an electric motor!

Mackee ran to the hallway, pulled himself into his heaviest overcoat, yelled to Hepzibah in bald distress, and started off down the stairs.

Next door, Miss Julia Parrell stared out of her window at the retreating figure of the usually sedate professor. Her curiosity aroused, she checked her aquiline nose against the pane in order to see better. Suddenly the professor stopped and looked up at the sky. Julie followed his gaze but saw nothing. She shrugged her slim shoulders and turned back to her tatting. Most men were puzzled, anyway.

In a way, it was a good thing that Julia Parrell was slightly deaf. Otherwise the loud clatter of thunder that followed might have startled her.

## MAINE EVENING POST

Dec. 33.—Professor Arthur Quincy Mackee died today at the tenth of his long career by lightning. This accident, called by the students "the gift of God," occurred a few minutes after the strange phenomenon of the raised darkness over the whole Western Hemisphere for a period of some five minutes today. Witnesses of the accident said that the sky was clear at the time the bolt struck. Professor Mackee moved to this city a year ago after resigning from the faculty of the University of Alabama. He was a nephew of the late Miss Agatha—

## MAINE EVENING POST

Feb. 6.—The unique collection of the late Professor Mackee was sold at auction today. The bulk of the collection was bought by an antique dealer in the city, Mr. Isaac Lippard.

A quaint old clock was purchased by Mr. L. G.





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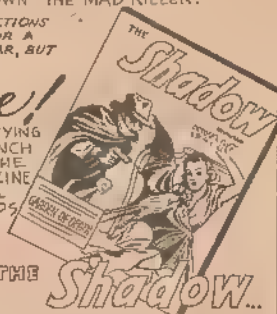
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